the weekly Standard

MAY 1, 2006

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BYE-BYE BERLUSCONI
CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

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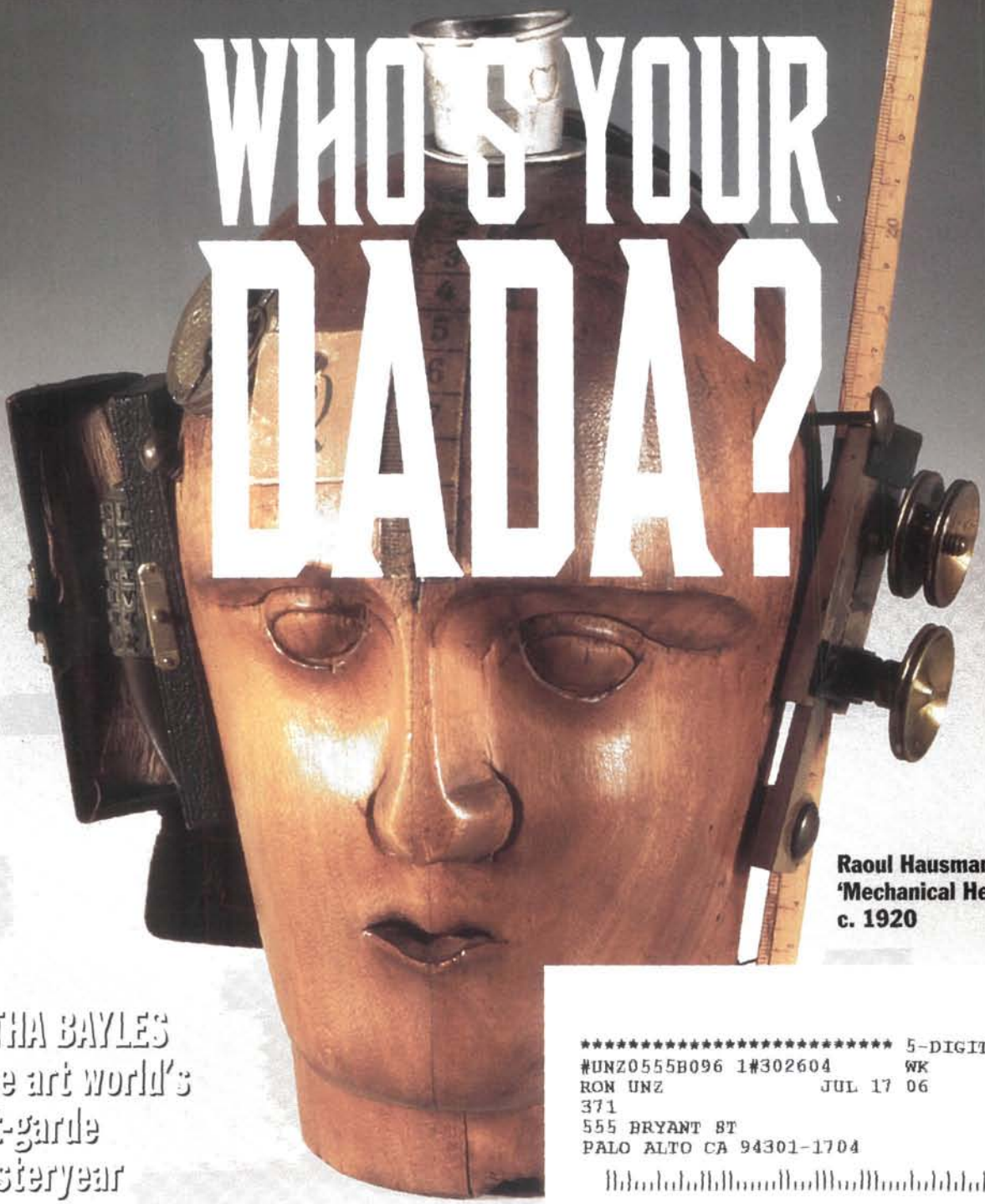

Raoul Hausmann's 'Mechanical Head,' c. 1920

MARTHA BAYLES on the art world's avant-garde of yesteryear

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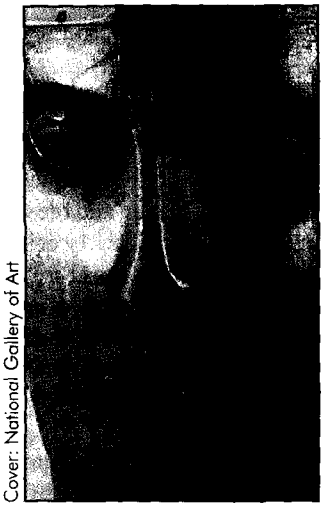

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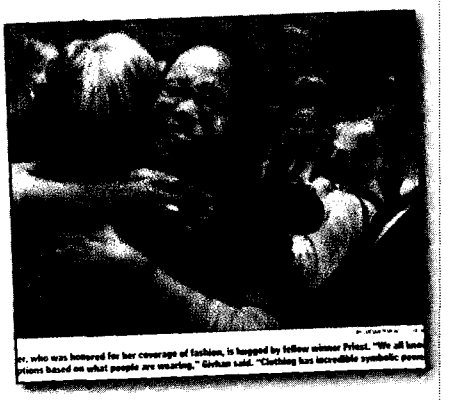
Pulitzer Fashions

Apart from their perennial value in the world of journalistic logrolling, and as specimens of corporate self-love, the Pulitzer Prizes are almost always good for a minute or two of helpless laughter. This year we took special delight in the award of the Pulitzer Prize for Criticism to Robin Givhan of the *Washington Post*, who writes about fashion.

We confess that we were initially disappointed, since our first choice would have been the woman who writes the Hints from Heloise column, with its trenchant analysis and fearless debunking of common household appliances. Heloise has been speaking truth to powerful cleansers and disinfectants for decades, and her Pulitzer is long past due. But then again, the world of fashion and the accessory choices of the famous and obscure are of growing importance in our culture, and Robin Givhan certainly deserves this honor as well.



Imagine our surprise, then, to see a pair of photographs of Miss Givhan in the *Post* newsroom, accepting congratulations from smiling colleagues while wearing a "sensible," shapeless frock and white schoolmarm cardigan sweater with cinched sleeves, and a clunky Timex, which seemed to cry out, "I may chronicle the rich and powerful for the *Washington Post*, but I shop at T.J. Maxx!"

To compound the mystery, Miss Givhan's serpent-thin eyes were accentuated by awkwardly narrow drug-store spectacles, giving her the look of a water moccasin writing its master's thesis. On top of which her tight, industrial-strength, combed-back coiffure revealed a huge expanse of glistening forehead that would invite any hockey team to take to the ice.

Say, this criticism stuff is kinda fun. Look out, Pulitzer people, here comes THE SCRAPBOOK! ♦

The al-Arian Verdict

Back in the winter of 2001-02, when University of South Florida professor Sami al-Arian's decades of clandestine activity on behalf of a psychotically violent terrorist organization were finally beginning to catch up with him, most of articulate America thought it an outrage that USF president Judy Genshaft would even dare think about firing the man.

Okay, so maybe al-Arian had an unsettling habit of hollering "Death to Israel!" and "Victory to Islam!" at pro-Palestinian pep rallies where he was introduced as North American director of "the active arm of the Islamic Jihad movement." And maybe the off-campus "charity" al-Arian managed in Tampa published an in-house magazine, *al-Mujahid*, that proudly carried the Palestinian Islamic Jihad's logo on each issue's front page. And maybe the on-campus "think tank" al-Arian had founded at USF employed as its original executive director one Ramadan Abdullah Shallah, who is of medium build and light complexion, has black hair and brown eyes, and "should be considered armed and dangerous," the FBI now warns us—on account of how for the past 10-plus years Shallah has been Palestinian Islamic Jihad's globally-most-wanted Terrorist-in-Chief.

Whatever. Judy Genshaft's critics did not care to know about such stuff, though all of it was publicly documented and beyond dispute. No, her critics cared only that Sami al-Arian was fully tenured and had never been convicted of a major felony. Therefore, enlightened people everywhere rushed to rain abuse on the heads of Genshaft and her board of trustees when at last they did take steps to terminate al-Arian's employment. USF faculty union president and philosophy professor Roy Weatherford called the move "manifestly repugnant to the academic profession and the world community." The American Association of University Professors voted to "condemn" Genshaft and her colleagues for "severe violations of academic freedom." The *New York Times* called al-Arian's dismissal a "groundless" act of "dishonor" and "betrayal."

Then, in February 2003, Sami al-Arian was arrested by the FBI and served with a mammoth, 50-count, 121-page terrorism-conspiracy indictment, and nearly all of the good professor's newly acquired friends suddenly remembered that they had better things to do.

Then, this past December, after a lengthy and complicated trial in Tampa (involving what appears to have been an unusually obtuse set of jury instructions from the judge), a federal court found al-Arian not guilty on eight of the original 50 counts, while deadlocking on nine others. Certain of his well-wishers began

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to speak up again. AAUP associate general secretary Jordan Kurland reminded President Genshaft that al-Arian still "had tenure as a member of the faculty, and unless or until cause is demonstrated for removing him, he has a right to be in that faculty." USF political science professor Harry Vanden went so far as to suggest that Genshaft and her trustees should "consider very carefully whether they might want to apologize to Dr. al-Arian and reinstate him."

Yeah, well. That's not going to happen. Last week it was revealed that Dr. al-Arian has pleaded guilty to the basic conspiracy count remaining against him and will cooperate with the government's effort to deport him, in return for a lenient jail sentence and the promise that he will not be retried. In his plea agreement al-Arian admits that for the past four years, almost everything he has been saying about himself—and, therefore, everything his defenders have been parroting on his behalf—is a lie. He was centrally involved in a scheme "to make or receive contributions of funds, goods, or services to or for the benefit of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad," with which he was closely "associated." al-Arian participated in this conspiracy "knowing [its] unlawful purpose," and "aware that the PIJ achieved its objectives by . . . acts of violence." al-Arian employed his think tank in the service of these objectives, and "falsely stated" that its officers were engaged "in only scholarly work."

Isn't it time somebody apologized to Judy Genshaft? ♦

Modern Liberalism, cont.

There are many possible lessons to be drawn from the ongoing drama in Durham, N.C. The Duke University lacrosse team, you may recall, hired two strippers to liven up a March 13 kegger, one of whom says she was raped by three of the student-athletes. A grand jury has since indicted two of the accused; both maintain their innocence. It is, as we say, a cautionary tale, and THE SCRAPBOOK was all ears when its favorite sports radio host Tony Kornheiser asked *Washington Post* sportswriter Sally Jenkins for the "woman's point of view" on his April 21 show.

A woman, said Jenkins (and this is a paraphrase, as we were fighting morning traffic and not taking notes) "*should* be able to go into a room full of men, strip, and come out with her morals and character intact." We confess that was one lesson that had escaped us. ♦

How Many Jews?

Despite this magazine's proud membership in "The Lobby," we underestimated the Jewish population of America in last week's cover piece, "To Bomb, or Not to Bomb." Most estimates place the number at 5 to 5.5 million, not the 3 million we reported. ♦

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Casual

Regular Guys

This month is supposed to see the shuttering of a Washington institution, Fran O'Brien's Steak House. For ten years, in the Capitol Hilton at the corner of 16th & L Streets, just a short distance from the White House and two blocks from the offices of The Weekly Standard, Fran O'Brien's has been serving manly fare—the kind its late founder and namesake, an offensive tackle for the Washington Redskins, liked.

I've become a regular at Fran's over the last two years, eating lunch there whenever time and my expense account permit. And I've gotten to know Marty O'Brien, Fran's son and the current proprietor. Marty operates the place more like a clubhouse than a restaurant, and we regulars get to make ourselves at home for the hour or two we're there. Unlike the walk-ins, we're not bound by the sign that says "Please Wait to be Seated." I seat myself, and always at the same table, right in front of a bank of three televisions invariably tuned to ESPN, ESPN 2, and ESPN Classic. But self-seating isn't all that defines the regular.

I believe the regular is best defined by his ability to order in two words or less. The regular will typically order "the usual." However, if the regular and his waiter are truly simpatico—and Mauricio and I are—the waiter will inquire if the regular will be having his usual, leaving the regular to order with a simple nod indicating the affirmative.

Fran's is not the first establishment where I've held the distinguished rank of regular. I am a creature of habit with an aversion to change of any kind. This aversion to change, of course, is typical of the regular. The regular knows what he likes, and will not be bullied by his mother or anyone else into trying Thai food or anything, for that matter, with which he is unfamiliar. Why Mauricio understands this about me while my mother, who carried me in her womb for nine months, cannot is no great mystery. Mauricio loves me for who I am, a regular customer and a good tipper.

Sometimes a waiter might love a little too much, though. I used to order dinner from a little Greek place around the corner. Since I was a regular, the young man who prepared the food knew just how I liked my Gyro—no onions—and he knew how my fiancée liked her falafel salad. It was when the falafel salad started coming with little notes inquiring about her well-being that I decided to sever my ties with that particular eatery.

But being a regular almost always pays off. At college I was something of a homebody, or couch potato if you will, and I was often too lazy to leave my room for food, let alone class. So every night around midnight, I'd order delivery from Karen's, a Chinese restaurant that catered mainly to students. Because I called Karen every night with the same order—one order spareribs, one order won-ton soup, one order egg rolls—we got to be pretty friendly.

This relationship led me to uncover one of my school's best kept secrets: Karen, whose restaurant offered a service that allowed students to have their bills sent through the school directly to their parents, also sold beer. Getting beer at college is not particularly difficult, but getting it delivered at your parents' expense is quite a feat. I'm not sure whether Karen delivered beer to anyone else—the student delivery boys used to look surprised—but I would get a six pack delivered most nights for me and my friends.

Later, when I first started working in Washington, I'd get my lunch every day at Il Pranzo, a pizzeria just a block from our office. Il Pranzo had the best pizza in Washington. Every day, I would walk in and pay for my food without saying so much as a word to the cashier, who would present me with my two slices of cheese pizza and medium coke. But Il Pranzo, like Fran's, was served with a sudden eviction notice a while back and had to shut down.

Fran's at least is still here for a little while longer, so this week as usual it will host its special regulars on Friday night. Every Friday since just after the start of the Iraq war, wounded soldiers have come from Walter Reed Army Medical Center. Fran's treats them and their families to all-you-can-eat steak dinners. They come in groups of 25 to 30, some gingerly making their way down the stairs in the front, while those in wheelchairs use a service elevator in the back.

Marty, who runs the steak house with a partner, has been told only that the sudden eviction was the result of "a business decision" by Hilton—though he told me he suspects that the weekly procession of amputees might be a factor. I find that a bit hard to believe. But being a regular means being loyal, and from here on out it's the Marriott for me.

Michael Goldfarb

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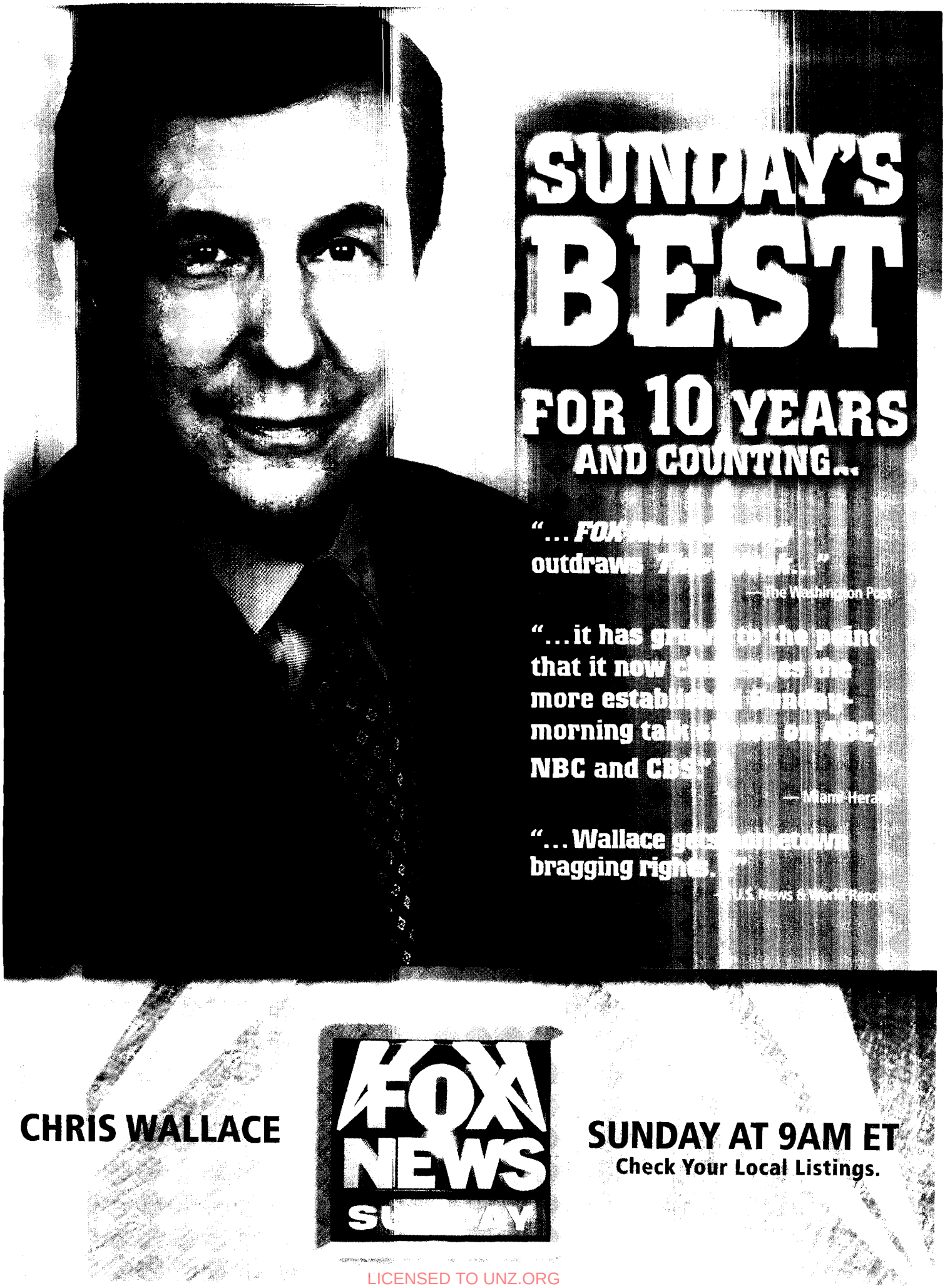

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Judicial Foreign Affairs

During their confirmation hearings, I sought and received assurances from Chief Justice John Roberts and Justice Samuel Alito that they would not appeal to foreign laws in deciding any case. Therefore, I was pleased to see Jeremy Rabkin's "Courting Abroad" (April 10) offering some of the reasons the practice of applying foreign law in American courts is illegitimate. Rabkin demonstrates that this practice covertly replaces representative self-government with rule by a self-appointed elite.

My concern over the use of foreign law in American courts is a simpler one: It violates the oath of office judges take to uphold the Constitution. The Constitution defines "the supreme Law of the Land" as "This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States." Nothing is in there about agreements made by the European Union or the U.N. Human Rights Commission. Yet in *Roper* v. *Simmons* a majority of the Supreme Court struck down a Missouri law on the basis of two treaties that had been rejected by the Senate.

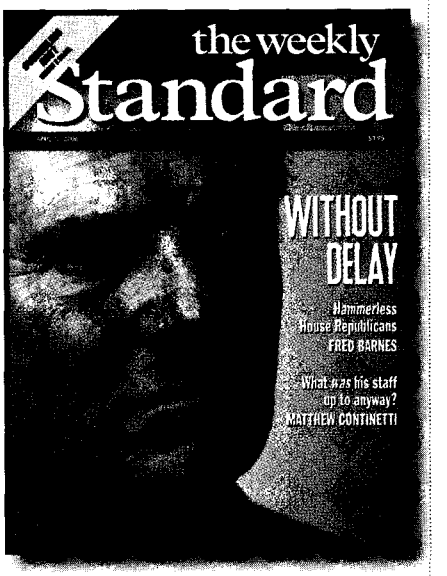
This was an open act of contempt for the Constitution, for representative government, for the Senate, and for the people of Missouri. I fail to see how the five justices who joined in that opinion can reconcile such disregard for the Constitution with their oath to uphold it.

Evidently, in their zeal to do what they considered the "right" thing in this case, they lost sight of their judicial responsibilities (at least that is the charitable interpretation). But neither that excuse nor any other is available to a Supreme Court justice who would publicly defend the legitimacy of judging Americans by foreign laws and declare an intention to do so in the future.

Sen. Tom A. Coburn
Washington, D.C.

'Gunfight' Shoot-out

Tom Kelly's review of John Bainbridge Jr. and my book, *American Gunfight: The Plot to Kill Harry Truman and the Shoot-out That Stopped It*, contains many elemental errors as well as gratuitous slurs on our motives, professions, and backgrounds ("Terrorism, 1950," March 27). Kelly writes: "The assassins were Griselio Torresola, who was killed, and Oscar Collazo, who killed a policeman, but survived." No. Griselio Torresola killed the policeman, a heroic, dedicated officer Kelly can't find room to name. Oscar Collazo killed nobody. This error is all but incomprehensible. It's not a minor detail. It's what the book is about.



Then Kelly refers to Pedro Albizu Campos, the leader of the Puerto Rican Nationalist party, as "El Pedro" throughout, presumably thinking himself a wit. The bizarre "El Pedro" construction is his—it appears nowhere in our book. It is unfathomable that a periodical would allow ridicule of a Hispanic name.

Kelly seems to think we worship at the shrine of Albizu Campos, but any reasonable, adult reading of the book reveals the following moral landscape: The heroes are Secret Service agents and White House cops. The romantic dupes are Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresola, and the *bête noire* is Pedro Albizu Campos.

Kelly also writes, "in the brief, abortive revolt that preceded the assassination attempt in New York by a few days . . ." But Blair House, of course, is in Washington, D.C., not New York.

Stephen Hunter
Washington, D.C.

Tom Kelly responds: Perhaps Stephen Hunter hasn't read his own book. The first part provides a list of "myths" about the assassination attempt that, we are told, are all "wrong." In the rest of the book, the "myths" turn out to be true. Perhaps Hunter wrote one part and his coauthor the other. The two of them seem to feel that anyone who takes a shot at an American president can't be all bad. I'm sorry I mixed the names, but the reality of the situation was clear. Also, the book refers to Don Pedro, which, like "El Pedro," is a recognition of his place in the minds and hearts of his deluded followers.

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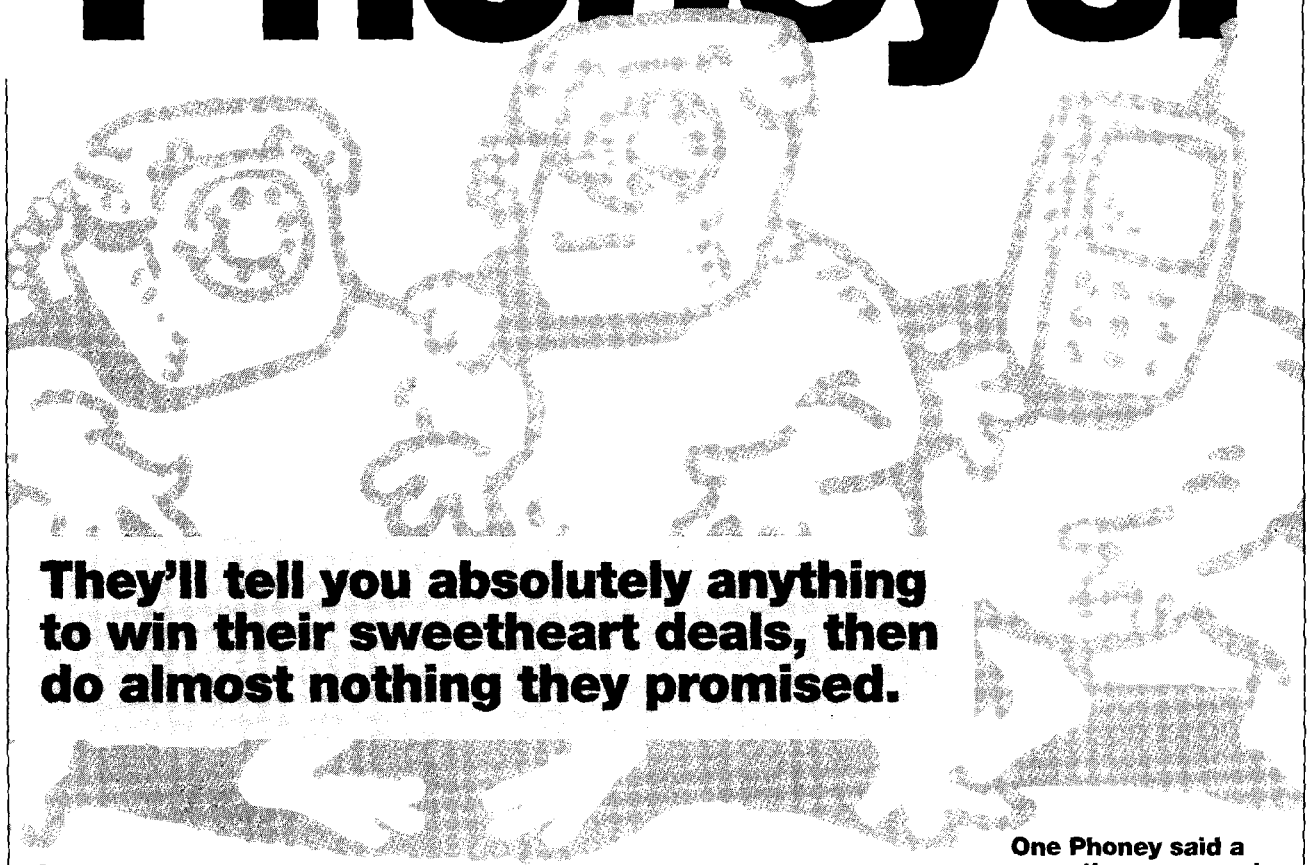

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A Few Good Liberals

"Who today is called a liberal for strength and confidence in defense of liberty?" Harvey Mansfield asked this question almost 30 years ago in the preface to his *Spirit of Liberalism*, and the answer was almost self-evident. This was during the Carter administration, and things haven't gotten better since. There have been some exceptions to the rule of liberalism's weakness, but these exceptions have been fleeting, and the rule seems stronger than ever in the America of 2006.

Not so in Great Britain. There, Tony Blair has shown strength and confidence in defense of liberty, and it turns out he is not alone. A couple of weeks ago, a group of "democrats and progressives" released the "Euston Manifesto" (*eustonmanifesto.org*) proposing to draw a line between a soft and relativist left and the strong and confident democratic left that the signers seek to invigorate.

The primary author of the manifesto appears to be Norman Geras, a British academic, and the long list of signatories includes serious intellectuals like Oliver Kamm (author of *Anti-Totalitarianism: The Left-Wing Case for a Neoconservative Foreign Policy*) and John Lloyd of the *Financial Times*, to mention just two. It's an impressive document. It articulates 15 principles reminiscent of the much-missed liberal anti-totalitarianism of the early Cold War period.

Here, for instance, is the entry titled "No Apology for Tyranny":

> We decline to make excuses for, to indulgently "understand," reactionary regimes and movements for which democracy is a hated enemy—regimes that oppress their own peoples and movements that aspire to do so. We draw a firm line between ourselves and those left-liberal voices today quick to offer an apologetic explanation for such political forces.

The manifesto's signers also "reject without qualification the anti-Americanism now infecting so much left-liberal (and some conservative) thinking. This is not a case of seeing the United States as a model society. We are aware of its problems and failings. But these are shared in some degree with all of the developed world. The United States of America is . . . the home of a strong democracy with a noble tradition behind it and lasting constitutional and social achievements to its name."

Two more quotations. There is this on making common cause with other opponents of terrorism:

> Drawing the lesson of the disastrous history of left apologetics over the crimes of Stalinism and Maoism, as well as more recent exercises in the same vein (some of the reaction to the crimes of 9/11, the excuse-making for suicide-terrorism, the disgraceful alliances lately set up inside the "anti-war" movement with illiberal theocrats), we reject the notion that there are no opponents on the Left. We reject, similarly, the idea that there can be no opening to ideas and individuals to our right. Leftists who make common cause with, or excuses for, anti-democratic forces should be criticized in clear and forthright terms. Conversely, we pay attention to liberal and conservative voices and ideas if they contribute to strengthening democratic norms and practices and to the battle for human progress.

And this, on Iraq:

> The founding supporters of this statement took different views on the military intervention in Iraq, both for and against. . . . We are, however, united in our view about the reactionary, semi-fascist and murderous character of the Baathist regime in Iraq, and we recognize its overthrow as a liberation of the Iraqi people. We are also united in the view that, since the day on which this occurred, the proper concern of genuine liberals and members of the Left should have been the battle to put in place in Iraq a democratic political order and to rebuild the country's infrastructure, to create after decades of the most brutal oppression a life for Iraqis which those living in democratic countries take for granted—rather than picking through the rubble of the arguments over intervention. . . . This opposes us not only to those on the Left who have actively spoken in support of the gangs of jihadist and Baathist thugs of the Iraqi so-called resistance, but also to others who manage to find a way of situating themselves between such forces and those trying to bring a new democratic life to the country.

The signatories of the document are liberals and progressives. They make clear their commitment to domestic and economic policies with which we at THE WEEKLY STANDARD heartily disagree. But in the fight against tyranny and terror, against secular dictatorships and Islamic jihadism, is it too much to hope that decent liberals and conservatives could make common cause? We think not, and we hope that this clarion call from overseas might contribute to a rebirth of political courage and moral clarity on the American left as well.

—*William Kristol*

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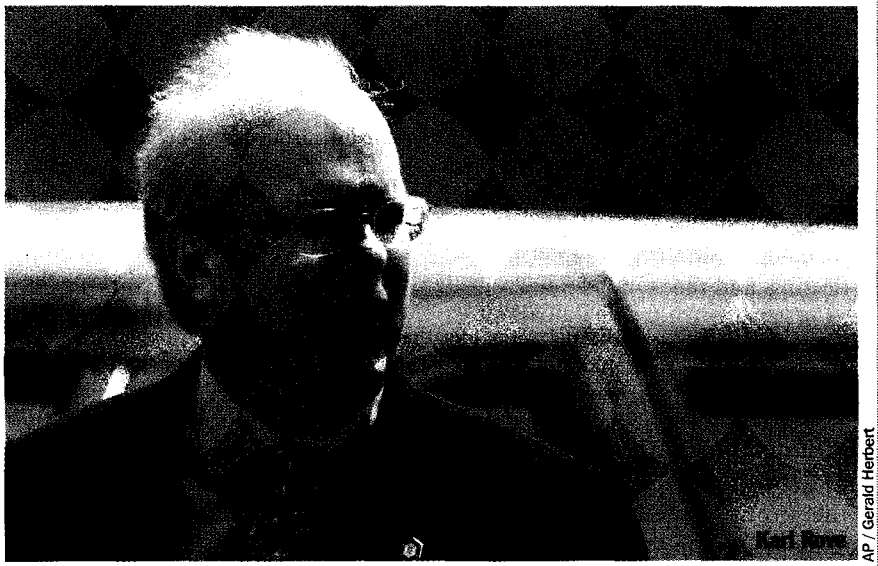
Turnout Is Destiny

Karl Rove's new assignment is to get the faithful to the polls. BY FRED BARNES


Karl Rove

AP / Gerald Herbert

NOW THAT HE'S BACK in the elections business, Karl Rove has a huge task on his hands: assuring strong Republican voter turnout. At the moment, Republicans are in a funk. And their dejected mood may presage a low turnout in the midterm election on November 7. Should a large number of Republican voters sit this one out, Republicans could lose control of one or both houses of Congress. It's when Republicans are either inspired or angry that they show up in large numbers and win elections. So Rove, along with Republican national chairman Ken Mehlman, has the job of shaping issues that will make Republicans angry or inspired, or both.

There's one big problem—two, actually. First, Rove's magic won't affect the biggest issues dogging the Bush presidency and causing Republicans to be disheartened: Iraq and rising gas prices. But the second problem—President Bush's sagging job approval among Republicans—is one that Rove can address by emphasizing policies that appeal to Republicans and by creating strong fears of a Democratic takeover.

Let's be clear about turnout. It matters enormously. The sweeping Republican defeat following Watergate in 1974 was only indirectly related to the scandal. The Democratic landslide was *directly* attributable to the diminished Republican turnout that resulted from Watergate-induced dejection among Republicans.

More recently, the turnout factor has been the single greatest influence on midterm elections. In 1990, 27.4 million Americans voted for Republican House candidates, and the party lost 8 seats. In 1994, however, the Republican turnout jumped to 36.3 million, and the party captured 52 House seats. It dipped in 1998 to 32 million, prompting a loss of 5 seats. But in 2002 it soared to 37 million, and Republicans won 8 House seats.

In presidential election years, jacking up turnout is relatively doable, as the Bush campaign showed in 2004. Presidential elections unleash "incredible energy," a senior Bush adviser says, and that generates volunteers, donors, a campaign infrastructure, and a flood of voters to the polls. "By definition there's less energy," says the adviser, in nonpresidential years—and less infrastructure for a national campaign. The "key" in these years, the adviser continues, is to make "your base as inspired as possible."

With the 2006 midterm election six months away, the Republican base is uninspired. In the Fox News poll in mid-April, only 66 percent of Republicans said they looked favorably on the Bush presidency. This is a disastrous number for Republicans. Of course, it wasn't as bad as the overall Bush rating of 33 percent, which included Democrats and independents.

Low job approval can have a double whammy effect. By itself, a 66 percent rating means that turnout by Republicans is likely to be low. In 2002 and 2004, when Republicans won House seats, Bush's approval among Republicans was 20 or more points higher.

The second effect is to cause further Republican disenchantment. Low poll numbers like 33 percent approval are bound to prompt some Republicans to feel they must separate themselves from Bush and join in criticizing him and Republicans in Congress. This, in turn, leads to lower turnout.

It's a vicious political cycle, but it's not the end of the world for Republicans. There's a lot Rove can do now that he's freed from the administrative duties that went with his old job as deputy chief of staff. He's back to his first-term job as the chief political strategist for Bush and the Republican party. And he has closer ties to the new chief of staff, Josh Bolten, than he did to Bolten's predecessor, Andy Card.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD *and author of* Rebel-in-Chief *(Crown Forum).*

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Source: Evidence shows that the presence of another wireline operator is critical to effective competition. The General Accounting Office found that DBS (satellite) competition causes only "a slight reduction" in cable prices while "competition from a second wire-based operator appears to significantly lower cable prices." GAO-04-8: Issues Related to Competition and Subscriber Rates in the Cable Television Industry, October 2003.

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He's in a position to invigorate Bush's message and rally Republicans.

A political adviser who works closely with Rove has developed a list of issues that Republicans should concentrate on to spur turnout. They aren't a big secret. Republicans can't survive by relying on incumbency, money, and attacks on Democrats. They need a positive agenda to stir the Republican base in general and conservatives in particular.

So at the top of his list is passage of a federal budget with at least minimal restraints on spending. Before the Easter recess, the House failed to pass one. Since spending curbs are important to conservatives, they'd better pass a budget soon. Republicans also need to stress the "culture of life" by noisily opposing abortion, cloning, and expanded federal subsidies for embryonic stem cell research. And they should push to make the Bush tax cuts permanent and propose serious health care legislation. If they do all this, Bush's support among Republicans should rise and so should his overall approval rating.

But what about Iraq and gas prices? Here, Bush needs help from outside events. Since early 2005, his presidency has been beset not only by Iraq and gas prices but by other outside events, including Hurricane Katrina and the Dubai ports deal. Now, a Republican official says, "it would help to have an outside situation that we could take advantage of."

A permanent, elected government in Iraq might be one, especially if it leads to fewer bombings and further reductions in American casualties by this summer. A break in gas prices is unlikely, but stranger things have happened. It would help. And Democrats may foolishly contribute by making themselves more vulnerable than ever to attacks of the type that Rove is adept at organizing.

The old football saying about winning applies to turnout in 2006. It's not everything. It's the only thing. For Bush and Republicans, turnout is destiny. ♦

Confucius Say—Caveat Emptor

What China means by "peaceful rise."

BY GARY SCHMITT

THE CHINESE are big on slogans: "Four Modernizations," the "Three Represents," "One Country, Two Systems," and more recently, the "Three Transcends," "Building a Harmonious Society," and "Peaceful Rise." While they don't trip off the American tongue, they serve the same basic purpose as slogans from Madison Avenue. Except in Beijing's case, the product is not toothpaste, cars, or life insurance, but Communist party policies.

The intended audience is usually China's party cadres, government officials, and its billion-plus citizens, but not always. For three years now, in connection with the accession of Hu Jintao and Wen Jiabao to the government's top leadership positions, the People's Republic of China has tried to alleviate growing international concerns about its increasing economic, diplomatic, and military power with the policy slogan "China's Peaceful Rise." Recently China's propagandists revised it as "China's Peaceful Development" out of a concern that even the term "rise" might spook the Americans and China's own neighbors in Asia.

Either way, the point is that China faces a decades-long program of domestic development and simply can't afford getting into a great power struggle with the United States. Hence, Chinese foreign policy will focus on economic growth, soft power, and multilateral cooperation as a member of the World Trade Organization, the United Nations, and a variety of regional forums in Asia. Beijing might not always be willing to act in concert with the United States or its allies, but it will avoid, whenever possible, acting in direct competition. Or so the argument goes.

The intellectual midwife for "peaceful rise" has been Zheng Bijian, chairman of the China Reform Forum (a Chinese think tank), a former vice president of the Central Party School, and, significantly, deputy chief of the "publicity department" of the Communist party's Central Committee for six years in the mid '90s. By most accounts, he remains a top adviser to President Hu and his deputies. Indeed, weeks after Zheng first used the phrase in a speech at a regional economic forum in late 2003, Chinese premier Wen Jiabao was employing it at an ASEAN summit and, then at Harvard, on a visit to the United States.

Predictably, Zheng and the peaceful rise thesis are trotted out whenever public attention is focused on U.S-China relations. When last fall President Hu was first scheduled to come to the United States—but had to cancel because the White House was busy with the aftermath of Katrina—Zheng published his most comprehensive account of this argument in the September-October issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Then, one day after President Bush finished his two-day visit to Beijing this past fall, Zheng was front and center with an essay published in the overseas edition of the *People's Daily*, denying that China had any intention of becoming an expansionist power in the mold of the former Soviet Union. And now, in advance of Hu's

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visit to the United States this past week, Zheng has surfaced again to pronounce an addendum to the peaceful rise/development thesis called the "Three Transcends." The central "transcend" argues that China will overcome "the ways that traditional great powers have emerged" in the past.

There is no doubt that Zheng is an articulate and attractive figure, with a message that is pleasing to American and Western ears. Along with some colleagues, I had the opportunity to visit with him on a recent trip to Beijing.

Like most former senior policy advisers and publicists, Zheng can talk, and talk, and talk. But it's not fluff. The core of his argument is that China can and will break the binds of history and find a totally new approach to being a rising power. China will not be like imperial Japan or imperial Germany; it won't follow the path of the former Soviet Union as it grew into a superpower; it will even avoid the imperial moment and global showboating that marked America's rise in the late 19th century. China's rise, according to Zheng, will not come at the expense of another power. Instead of butting heads with some existing hegemon, China will make its rise a "win-win" for everyone, with its economy promoting prosperity at home and abroad.

It sounded good, but there were two obvious problems with Zheng's argument. The first, as we pointed out, is Taiwan. There is no way of getting around the fact that China's position—that Taiwan is culturally Chinese, and hence must be part of China, regardless of how the Taiwanese people feel about it—smacks of the nationalism of the past. As one colleague suggested, if China really wants to be seen as having created a totally new model of a rising power, it should stop acting like a rising Germany insisting that German-speaking Alsace and Sudetenland were part of greater Germany.

The second issue revolved around the fact that, whatever China's real intentions with respect to its rise in power and world status, no one in the democratic West or in Asia is likely to accept its peaceful proclamations at face value. Until China opens up its political system and makes its decision-making process more transparent to both its own citizens and the world, it is inevitable that other states will hedge against China's growing military and economic might. Democratic India is a rising power as well, but no one in Washington or, for that matter, in the major capitals of the world is sitting in policy-planning meetings wondering about containment strategies or, worse, potential military conflict.

Zheng's response was somewhat predictable but, nevertheless, revealing. With respect to Taiwan, he noted that China had moved considerably from the days when it was bombing the offshore islands manned by Taiwan's military. Beijing is, he said, happy to accept a "one country, two systems" solution to the problem of uniting the mainland with Taiwan. But the sweetness and light didn't last. Within minutes he also made it clear that unless Taiwan accepts unification, military force is certainly in play. Like Lincoln during the American Civil War, he argued, no Chinese leader could accept this renegade province remaining outside its sovereign orbit indefinitely.

As for political reform and democracy, Zheng ignored the suggestion that a more open system might give other countries more confidence about China's intentions. He went straight into the now standard Chinese line about China finding its own way. In the past, one would often get from Chinese "thinkers" some acknowledgment that, yes, thirty or forty years from now, China would be ready for democracy, but today there is not even a pretense that this is where the country is headed. Instead, China will try to devise some form of "pragmatic" autocracy, fiddling with the current system as need be to keep the population satisfied, while maintaining the party's hold on power. Whether China's leaders can pull this off over the long term is anybody's guess. But Zheng's statements mean that we're not likely to see a leadership in Beijing anytime soon that takes it cues from the norms of global behavior set by the other great powers—all democracies, with the exception of Russia.

In truth, it doesn't take but a few minutes of discussion with Chinese officials and scholars for their pride in China's newfound power to come to the surface. Zheng might want to claim that China's rise is some "postmodern" phenomenon, but the heightened nationalism and ambition among the newly affluent Chinese suggest we'd be silly to ignore the histories of past rising powers.

Moreover, in the absence of an open system, one can only assume that Zheng's campaign to convince the world that China's rise will be benign is no more than that—a campaign. At the dawn of the 20th century, Germany's leaders believed that conflict with Britain was virtually inevitable, but, absent a buildup of its power, especially its naval power, it had to "operate so carefully, like the caterpillar before it has grown into the butterfly." So too, in the early '90s, when China first began its annual double-digit military buildup, then-Premier Deng Xiaoping put forward the "24 Character Strategy": "Observe calmly; secure our position; cope with affairs calmly; hide our capacities and bide our time; be good at maintaining a low profile; and never claim leadership."

Of course, it's easy enough to point to other Chinese statements that indicate some other policy direction. But such ambiguity just reaffirms the key fact that we don't know what's in the minds of the Chinese leaders, and, until we do, Beijing can expect the United States and its allies to make contingency plans for a not-so-benign rise. Until then, Zheng and company should expect their sloganeering to be accepted as just that, to be received in the same spirit smart consumers reserve for the promises of Madison Avenue: Caveat emptor. ♦

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The Cartoon Wars Are Over

We lost.

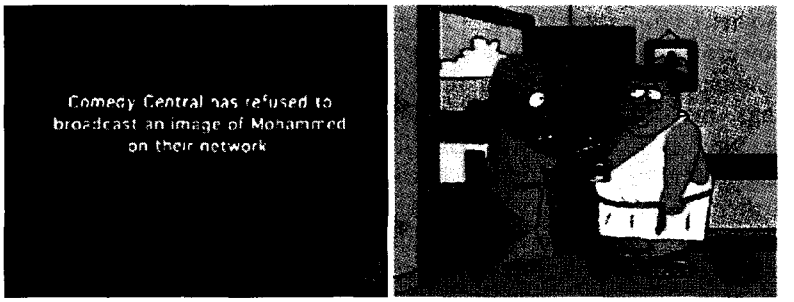
BY DUNCAN CURRIE

"EVER SINCE those cartoons in Denmark, the rules have changed. Nobody shows an image of Muhammad anymore." When a character on the animated TV show *South Park* made that avowal a few weeks ago, he could easily have been speaking for media outlets across Europe and North America. This past winter's Cartoon Jihad occasioned far fewer robust defenses of press freedom than it did craven surrenders to the threats of radicals. Now, even *South Park*, Comedy Central's irreverent powerhouse, has felt the backlash.

Sometime in March, *South Park* creators Matt Stone and Trey Parker approached network executives with their idea for an episode satirizing the Danish cartoon spat. Could they depict the Muslim prophet Muhammad on screen? No way, came the immediate reply. True, Comedy Central had allowed *South Park* to broadcast a Muhammad character five years earlier, in the episode "Super Best Friends." But that episode debuted on July 4, 2001—just before the 9/11 terrorist attacks. "A lot changed two months later," one source close to the show told me, explaining the network's decision. "It's a vastly different world that we live in right now." Yes: a world where terrorists apparently have veto power over American television.

Duncan Currie is a reporter at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Stone and Parker did not take Comedy Central's censorship lightly. They made the two "Cartoon Wars" episodes an acerbic rebuke to the network. At the moment Muhammad is poised to appear, the screen goes black, and a brief message announces that Comedy Central "has refused to broadcast" the prophet's image. When the censored episodes aired—on April 5 and April 12—the blogosphere erupted with scathing indictments of the network's pusillanimity. Many conservatives also found a new reason to appreciate Stone and Parker's talents. "I'm not a fan of *South Park*," wrote Michelle Malkin after the April 5 show. "But the emails I've been getting all day from *South Park* viewers about last night's episode just might change my mind."



The censorship notice and the censored scene

Part I of "Cartoon Wars" begins with Y2K-style pandemonium breaking loose, as South Park natives loot stores and hoard toilet paper before crowding into a community center. It turns out the Fox cartoon *Family Guy* is set to air an image of Muhammad, sparking riots across the Muslim world and leading a terrorist named al-Zawahri to vow swift retaliation. But at the last minute, Fox censors the Muhammad image, thus averting a showdown.

The four main *South Park* kids—Kyle, Stan, Kenny, and Cartman—trek to Kyle's house to watch the episode on TiVo. When Kyle's liberal parents catch them, his father smashes the TV with a baseball bat while his mother lectures them about "Muslim sensitivity training." Then the boys get word that *Family Guy* will be broadcasting another episode with Muhammad—this time, uncensored. Terrorist kingpin Zawahri warns against it, promising a "massive" response.

At a town meeting, South Parkers hear from a university professor. "Our only hope," he says, "is to make the Muslim extremists know that we had no part in the Muhammad episode: that even though the episode aired, we didn't watch it, we didn't hear it, and we didn't talk about it." How do they do that? Simple. "We bury our heads in sand." By enlisting some two dozen dump trucks, the professor explains, they can stockpile enough sand for the whole town. "We can avoid looking like we're responsible for any part of this at all."

The heads-in-the-sand fad soon sweeps the nation. Meanwhile, Kyle and Cartman are racing for Hollywood. Cartman wants the *Family Guy* episode canned, in hopes that it will bring down the whole show. Kyle wants it to air and strike a blow for free speech. The White House press corps wants to know why President Bush hasn't thrown the *Family Guy* writing staff in prison. ("Forgive me, Mr. President," one reporter smirks, "but this 'First Amendment' sounds like a lot of bureaucratic gibberygoo.")

Kyle and Cartman both wind up in the Fox president's office just seconds before the episode is due to air. Brandishing a gun, Cartman demands it be cancelled. The Fox boss starts to comply.

"You can't do what he wants just because he's the one threatening you

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with violence," squeals an exasperated Kyle.

"I can't be responsible for people getting hurt, especially me," grovels the Fox prez.

"Yes, people can get hurt," Kyle admits. "That's how terrorism works. But if you give in to that . . . you're *allowing* terrorism to work. Do the right thing here."

He's still wavering.

"If you don't show Muhammad," Kyle adds, "then you've made a distinction between what is okay to poke fun at, and what isn't. Either it's all okay, or none of it is."

Finally, the Fox prez agrees to broadcast the episode uncensored. Before *Family Guy*'s Muhammad comes on screen carrying a football helmet, a black slate flashes with word of Comedy Central's prohibition. Then, when the show returns, we see the terrorists' retaliation: a short production by Zawahri, Osama bin Laden, and "al Qaeda Films." The movie shows Americans defecating on each other, and Jesus defecating on George W. Bush and the American flag.

The Catholic League's William Donohue, a perennial *South Park* scourge, blasted Stone and Parker as "little whores" for the Jesus gag. "They'll sit there and they'll whine and they'll take their shot at Jesus," he told the AP. Donohue missed the point entirely: It wasn't Jesus being mocked; it was Comedy Central. By highlighting the network's double standard—okay to offend Christians, not okay to offend Muslims—*South Park*, which has averaged nearly 3.5 million viewers per episode this season, affirmed that free expression may at times lead to hurt feelings. But that's no reason to capitulate, especially not when political correctness becomes physical intimidation.

On April 13, Comedy Central issued a statement defending its censorship. "In light of recent world events, we feel we made the right decision." The Cartoon Jihad may be over. But when even *South Park* is stifled by "recent world events," it becomes clearer than ever who won. ♦

The Times They Are a-Changin'

Don't look now, but the pro-life movement is winning. BY MARJORIE DANNENFELSER

THE PRO-LIFE MOVEMENT has witnessed a stunning turnaround over the past 10 years. A decade ago, on the heels of a 1992 election season dubbed "the year of the woman," the movement was deeply engaged in the fight on Capitol Hill to stop passage of the Freedom of Choice Act, legislation that would have enshrined in law the "right" to abortion on demand at any stage of pregnancy for any reason or no reason. With the pro-abortion Clintons in the White House appointing radical abortion-rights advocates to the Supreme Court and rolling back Reagan-Bush era executive orders limiting abortion, the pro-life movement clearly was on the defensive.

Today, the landscape looks very different indeed. Two new conservative jurists sit on the Supreme Court, including Chief Justice John Roberts. Sandra Day O'Connor has been replaced by Samuel Alito. This is a potentially important development considering that O'Connor cast the deciding vote in the *Stenberg* v. *Carhart* partial-birth abortion decision and was the author of the "undue burden" test—an absurdly subjective standard that precludes almost any reasonable limit on the so-called "woman's right to choose."

The new Roberts court recently ruled in an 8-0 decision that statutes meant to fight organized crime racketeering could not be used against pro-life protesters convicted of violating trespass laws at abortion clinics. The court also declined to strike down a New Hampshire law requiring that parents be notified before their minor daughters obtain abortions, sending the case back to the circuit court for further review and chastising the lower court for overreaching on its decision overruling the Granite State statute. And another partial-birth abortion case is in the judicial pipeline and headed for the Supreme Court. Unlike *Stenberg*, which involved a state law in Nebraska, this case is a challenge to the federal law banning the grotesque procedure. Thus the new Roberts court will have the opportunity to revisit the previous ruling and subject O'Connor's "undue burden" test to rigorous constitutional scrutiny.

Moreover, legislatures in state after state have passed laws that enjoy overwhelming public support mandating parental notification for minors seeking abortions and requiring women seeking abortions to be fully informed about the medical facts and health implications of the procedure. In Michigan, for example, Governor Jennifer Granholm, a pro-choice Democrat, recently signed a bill requiring abortion clinics to offer women the opportunity to view ultrasound images of their unborn babies. Pro-abortion groups predictably opposed the measure, whose purpose is to fully inform women of the facts about fetal development before they make the potentially life-changing decision to terminate a pregnancy.

The most direct assault on abortion rights, of course, has come from South Dakota, where the legislature

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passed and the governor signed a bill outlawing all abortions in that state except for those to save the life of the mother. This puts South Dakota on a collision course with *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Clearly, the national tide is running strongly in favor of the pro-life movement. How are we to account for this reversal of fortune?

The polling on abortion since *Roe* has remained remarkably consistent: Most Americans support reasonable limits on abortion. In Gallup polling since 1973, fewer than 25 percent support the availability of abortion in all circumstances, so-called "abortion on demand." Thus, the position taken by the most extreme pro-abortion groups—the National Organization for Women, NARAL, the ACLU, and others—has the support of fewer than a quarter of the American people. A Zogby poll taken earlier this year found the majority of Americans, in some cases near 70 percent, support pro-life laws currently being considered on the state and national level—from prohibiting taxpayer funding of abortions to lifting requirements that health insurance plans cover the procedure to 24-hour waiting periods and parental notification laws.

The turning point for the pro-life movement may well have been the fight over partial-birth abortion. Most Americans had probably never heard of the procedure before former New Hampshire senator Bob Smith took to the floor of the Senate in 1995 with graphic illustrations of this gruesome procedure that entails a doctor killing a late-term, viable baby at the very moment of birth. Americans were repelled by the procedure and rightly recoiled. Few had suspected that the pitiless logic of *Roe* would produce this barbarous practice, one the American Medical Association says is never medically necessary to preserve the life or health of the mother.

A large number of Americans also recoiled from the defense of a procedure that even some pro-choice advocates likened to infanticide. NOW and NARAL alienated millions of Americans with a morally obtuse defense of the indefensible. Many Americans concluded that if being for a woman's right to choose meant embracing such a hideous procedure, well, they no longer thought of themselves as pro-choice.

Other factors intervened that generated growing support for the pro-life movement. Since the day it was handed down, *Roe* has been at war with science and technology. Sonograms and ultrasound imaging were unknown in 1973. Today, millions of mothers get their first glimpse of their babies while they are still in the womb. The development of so-called 4-D ultrasound imaging has undercut pro-abortion efforts to dehumanize the unborn, to depict life in utero as nothing but a lump of unwanted tissue. Advances in pre- and neonatal care mean that babies born prematurely who never would have survived at the time of *Roe* not only survive, but also thrive and become healthy, happy children. Medical progress has made a scientific shambles of *Roe*'s artificial trimester scheme.

The election of a pro-life president in 2000 also helped foster new respect for what George W. Bush calls the "culture of life." In addition to his nomination of constitutionalists to the Supreme Court, President Bush has repealed several of the Clinton-era pro-abortion executive orders. One of his first official acts was to reinstate Ronald Reagan's ban on U.S. foreign aid money going to international organizations that promote abortion.

Finally, the failure of extreme, radical feminism has de-romanticized abortion. The sexual revolution was supposed to free women to seek professional and personal fulfillment. The most extreme forms of feminism rejected traditional marriage, family, and child-bearing as vestiges of an oppressive patriarchal system. Instead, in too many cases, the false promises of radical feminism led to the empty, unfulfilled, unsatisfying lives of *Sex and the City*. And as women have become better informed about the health risks of abortion—physical and psychological—they have embraced the culture of life in increasing numbers.

For over 30 years, abortion advocates clamored for "abortion on demand," yet young women especially are becoming more pro-life than ever. In January, researchers at Hamilton College and pollster John Zogby found in a national survey that 70 percent of high school girls in the class of 2006 would not consider an abortion if they became pregnant; 68 percent of high school seniors said abortion is always or usually morally wrong; and two-thirds would require parental consent before a minor under 18 could legally obtain an abortion.

Is it any wonder that, as the 2008 presidential election approaches, politicians have noticeably moderated their pro-choice rhetoric compared with the triumphalism of 1992? That year, the pro-life Democratic governor of Pennsylvania, Bob Casey, was humiliatingly denied a speaking role at the Democratic National Convention; in 2006, pro-abortion Democrats recruited the late governor's pro-life son, Bobby Casey, to run for the Senate against the pro-life Rick Santorum, much to the fury of the NARAL crowd. How times change! ♦

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The Seinfeld Summit

What didn't happen when Bush met Hu.

BY DAN BLUMENTHAL

THE SINO-AMERICAN agenda includes the nuclear programs of Iran and North Korea, trade, energy, simmering disputes over Taiwan and Japan, and democracy. Why, then, was the most newsworthy event of the Bush-Hu summit last week the protests of a Falun Gong member on the White House lawn?

Because the Bush administration finds it difficult to reach agreement with a Chinese government that poses an age old dilemma of statecraft: How to respond to a rising power whose intentions are uncertain? History teaches that more often than not rising powers define their interests quite differently from existing powers, and China is proving no exception.

The Clinton administration's answer was a policy of "comprehensive engagement," the primary purpose of which was to secure China's acceptance of the American-led international system. The policy was also guided by a belief that economic growth, bolstered by international trade, would lead Beijing toward political freedom. At the same time, the Clinton administration responded to Beijing's muscle flexing, especially after China fired missiles into the Taiwan Strait in 1996, by beginning the process of upgrading defense ties with Japan, and reopening closed doors to Taiwan.

A decade later China has been comprehensively engaged—Washington granted China permanent normal trade relations status, which helped ease Beijing's entry into the World Trade Organization. It is now one of the United States' largest trading partners, and its rapid economic growth has made it a player on the world stage. But Beijing remains stubbornly authoritarian and has shown little interest in political liberalization.

In the meantime, China has also become a military challenge—the country that has "the greatest potential to compete militarily with the United States," in the words of the Pentagon's latest Quadrennial Defense Review. China is employing what it terms its "comprehensive national power" to gradually replace America as Asia's preeminent power. In addition, Beijing has used its new international prominence to provide diplomatic succor to such international menaces as Iran, Venezuela, and Sudan.

How is the Bush administration responding? With an ever so slight policy adjustment. The administration now openly talks of a "hedging strategy." The new National Security Strategy states: "Our strategy seeks to encourage China to make the right strategic choices for its people, while we hedge against other possibilities."

That is not to say engagement has been abandoned. In a major speech last September, Deputy Secretary of State Robert Zoellick articulated a continued, albeit more muscular, policy of engagement: America will now hold China accountable for irresponsible international behavior.

Senior administration officials were quick to elaborate on what they meant by "hedging." In testimony before a congressional commission, Assistant Secretary of Defense Peter Rodman explained: "Absent greater openness, international reactions to China's military growth will understandably hedge against these unknowns." At a trilateral strategic dialogue with Japan and Australia in March, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice said: "I think all of us have a responsibility and an obligation to try and ensure that the rise of China is peaceful and does not lead to negative outcomes."

When an authoritarian country with an opaque defense budget is building up its military capability at a fast pace, it is prudent to hedge your bets. While we are told one thing by the Chinese—all they seek is a peaceful environment to promote their growth and development—we see something else, a more activist China.

In the past decade, China has introduced military capabilities into the region that have already changed the balance of power. As Rodman put it, "When you go from zero to 700 missiles in the Strait in a decade, that changes the status quo."

China now poses what military planners call the greatest "anti-access" and "area denial" challenge to U.S. forces in the Pacific. Beijing has introduced ballistic and cruise missiles, information warfare capabilities, a fleet of diesel electric submarines, advanced destroyers, and air defenses that make it more difficult for the United States to meet the defense commitments that have kept the peace in the region since the end of World War II.

If pressed, Chinese officials will say this buildup is all about Taiwan. If the United States and China can successfully unify Taiwan with China, there would be no problem, the line goes. But does anybody really believe that China will draw down its military if it successfully unifies with Taiwan? Rising powers have a way of growing accustomed to their newfound strength and revising their ambitions accordingly.

Japan does not think China's only strategic goal is Taiwan, and neither do Singapore and India, countries that are modernizing their militaries with China on their minds.

The U.S. response was laid out by the Pentagon official in charge of planning, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Resources and Plans James Thomas: "[We are] looking at

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making adjustments in our naval posture globally, shifting to six carrier battle groups in the Pacific region . . . as well as over the next several years shifting approximately 60 percent of our attack submarine fleet to the Pacific." And the Pentagon is looking at developing a new long-range bomber.

So shoring up alliances and partnerships and adjusting our force posture to the new strategic reality are the hedging part of our China policy. What about the diplomacy piece of the puzzle: getting China to "make the right strategic choices for its people" (code for democratization) and to contribute to the international system rather than simply extracting benefits from it?

Here, our success has been limited. Efforts to give China the lead in talks to denuclearize North Korea have not borne fruit: Beijing seems satisfied with a status quo of intermittent diplomacy that subordinates denuclearizing North Korea to simply getting countries to the negotiating table. Likewise, China extracts great energy benefits from its relationship with Iran while spurning international efforts to get the mullahs to abandon their nuclear ambitions. Presumably this is not the kind of "responsible stakeholder" behavior Zoellick called for.

Getting the Chinese Communist party to see democracy as in its interest will be even tougher going. The urban business elites, high-level party members and their families, and even many public intellectuals who have been co-opted or bought off have a strong interest in maintaining the current system.

Reconciling engagement and hedging policies is difficult. The one is based on trust, and the other, suspicion. We are thus sending mixed messages to allies who may be needed should relations with Beijing deteriorate. It will be far easier for those in Europe and Asia who are economically invested in China to say that more engagement is needed if China grows more confrontational.

And of course strategy is interactive: China will respond. Beijing will target our allies with inducements and implicit threats. Australia, for example, whose economy is booming thanks in large part to exports to China, was asked last year to "re-look" at the ANZUS treaty—i.e., reconsider its security alliance with the United States. Canberra's answer was Australia's polite equivalent of "pound sand," but we can expect more of the same.

Bush and Hu

Reuters Live Photos / Jim Bourg

For every move we make—building a partnership with India, for example—China counters with its own. In addition, China will continue to push for regional groupings that exclude the United States, work with Russia to try and eject the United States from Central Asia, and come into our own backyard by forging partnerships with the likes of Venezuela's Hugo Chávez.

So what should we do? The current policy framework is a start, with certain conditions. China should *really* be held to account, not only by the United States but also by other major trading partners such as the E.U., Japan, and Australia, for irresponsible behavior. Iran is a perfect test case: a threat that the world's democracies actually agree upon. If China is not willing to risk its energy deals with the mullahs to get them to denuclearize, Beijing should be publicly condemned, and its leaders should certainly not be received in America or Europe as if they were true partners.

Democracy promotion should be at the top of the agenda as well. The United States and other democracies should make a point of meeting with groups and individuals who are not sanctioned by the Communist party—lawyers representing peasant groups, religious groups, and NGOs highlighting environmental degradation.

It is important to remember two things as we deal with Beijing: China is not just the CCP; it also comprises dissidents and activists agitating for more freedom; and China's major trading partners still have more leverage over Beijing than vice versa. Yes, America benefits from trade with China, but without the American market the Chinese economy would come close to collapse. The message to China should be clear: We accept you if you play by the rules, which in the 21st century means becoming a democracy, joining in international efforts to keep the most dangerous weapons from getting into the hands of the most dangerous regimes, and settling differences with neighbors such as Taiwan and Japan through diplomacy, not military intimidation.

So why was the Bush-Hu meeting, like a *Seinfeld* episode, a "summit about nothing"? It could well be that China has no interest in becoming a "responsible stakeholder," and President Bush knows this. After all, if the United States and Europe are prepared to play bad cop on Iran, Beijing has every incentive to play good cop—far better to enjoy the fruits of those energy deals without angering the mullahs. It is up to Washington and its allies to create incentives for Beijing to play ball. One way to start is no more "summits about nothing" until China begins acting responsibly. ♦

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Baloney Beats a Meatball

It took an unsavory coalition for Romano Prodi to squeeze past Silvio Berlusconi

By Christopher Caldwell

Rome

Shortly before their elections, Italians discovered that three-quarters of the women who perform on phone-sex lines were planning to vote for the incumbent prime minister, Silvio Berlusconi. The source of this information was Berlusconi himself—who admitted to making frequent use of such lines in the campaign's closing days. Berlusconi recently chatted on TV about his facelift. He has even appeared in public in a bandana after a hair-transplant operation. In a group photo from a summit in 2002, he can be seen making the two-finger cuckold sign over the head of Spanish foreign minister Josep Pique. He once commented during a meeting with Danish premier Anders Fogh Rasmussen that the handsome Rasmussen would make a more suitable lover for his (Berlusconi's) wife than the mayor of Venice, with whom she was rumored to be having an affair.

The 69-year-old Berlusconi started his career as a door-to-door vacuum-cleaner salesman and lounge singer in his native Milan, and wound up the richest man in Italy, with a fortune estimated at $12 billion. He is probably the most brilliant businessman Italy produced in the second half of the 20th century. With help from political allies, he parlayed a real estate-development firm into a media, advertising, and investment empire. In the early 1990s, amid corruption scandals that sent many of Italy's most powerful politicians to prison, exile, and suicide, Berlusconi stepped into politics much as Ross Perot did at the same time, and appealed to voters in the same way—as a plain-spoken outsider who understood well enough how large organizations worked that he could strike government corruption at its roots. Berlusconi, unlike Perot, got elected. Although his coalition did not last a year, he returned to power in 2001 on a raft of reformist promises resembling Newt Gingrich's Contract With America. Berlusconi proved a steady ally to the United States (sending a large contingent to Iraq) and an equally steady disappointment when it came to reforming the system. Five years in office made him Italy's longest-serving prime minister since the aftermath of World War II. At times he has been its most popular.

But there has always been another superlative attached to Berlusconi. He is, without question, a greater embarrassment to his country's social and intellectual elites than any present-day national leader—including George W. Bush. In Italy's salons, Berlusconi is seen as a shyster, a goombah, and even a moron. In these circles, the recent election campaign was seen as a referendum on Berlusconi, and it was impossible to imagine the Italian public would do anything but reject him. His House of Liberties coalition (CDL) had been pummeled in regional elections a year before, and his Forza Italia party was way below its old scores. Polls before the election consistently found him far behind, sometimes in double digits, but never closer than 5 points.

Berlusconi commissioned Bill Clinton's old pollsters—Penn, Schoen and Berland—to do an independent survey. They found the race too close to call, tighter than one percentage point. Berlusconi explained that the Italian people would never be so stupid (he used an Italian obscenity for the word "stupid") as to vote against their own interests. And you could see his point. Berlusconi was opposed by a collection of soft and hard leftists fronted by the business professor and former premier Romano Prodi, who had spent the last half-decade in Brussels as president of the European Commission. There, his political opinions, which date from sometime in the mid-1970s, hardened. Prodi is anti-American and anti-British. His statements since the election show him to be committedly pro-Hamas. He is a defender of the old-fashioned welfare state at a time when most European parties of the left are

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Romano Prodi

Reuters / CORBIS / Christ Helgren

abandoning it. And he is a believer that the solution to all economic and social problems is "more Europe" at a time when voters have rejected the European Union so decisively that that body hardly exists anymore in the sense Prodi means it.

In the end, Berlusconi was almost right. The election was a virtual tie. Berlusconi lost to Prodi by a few thousand votes. There were rancorous allegations of fraud, the worst of which were rejected by the Italian Supreme Court last week. But Berlusconi has not, as of this writing, conceded. Prodi finds himself abjectly dependent on the hard-line Communists in his coalition (as distinct from the *post*-Communists who are his coalition's mainstream). Italians find themselves with a government far, far to the left of the one even its supporters voted for. They have fallen into polarization and anger, which can last long after such a contested election, as Americans have discovered over the past six years.

Now that Berlusconi has (apparently) been ousted, it is worth asking: Was his reign a national emergency for Italy, or a partisan emergency for the left? The case against him has always had two main pillars.

The first was that he was using his virtual monopoly on the country's airwaves to subvert public discussion. Italy has only seven television stations. There are four private ones, three of which Berlusconi started from scratch in the 1980s. Another three are government channels. Italy's public broadcasting (RAI) does not work like the BBC, with a journalistic culture that seeks reflexively to prove its "objectivity" by rallying viewers against the state. RAI is a political football, an organ of soft propaganda. RAI journalists have political affiliations and political agendas, and the appointment of a new RAI team, from top to bottom, is often the top priority of a new government.

This being the case, Berlusconi's founding of non-government television made him, objectively speaking, a hero of free speech and open debate. But once Berlusconi got to pick the staff of the three RAI channels on top of his three private ones, things looked different. His unprecedented choice of a political opponent, the leftist journalist Lucia Annunziata, to head public broadcasting won him little credit. The narrative that emerged in Italy's major daily newspapers was that, while the left sought to govern responsibly, Berlusconi sought only to bamboozle viewers with the television-age equivalent of bread and circuses. It was noted that three-quarters of those who watched more than four hours of TV a day voted for Berlusconi in 2001. What is more, Berlusconi's private control of Publitalia, Italy's largest advertising company, gave him even more press leverage than governments ordinarily had. The argument that Berlusconi was running a kind of personal propaganda machine was quite plausible.

But it turned out to be untrue. For one thing, the problem was not Berlusconi as a person but an antitrust system (or lack thereof) that made it hard to found new TV stations. Until five years ago, the left was as happy with this system as the right. Prodi argued throughout the campaign for selling off frequencies to new channels and making appointments apolitically, but his own gov-

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Reuters / CORBIS / Alessia Pierdomenico

ernment in the late 1990s had done a particularly egregious job of stacking the RAI with political loyalists. The best proof that Berlusconi's control of the media neither threatened debate nor subverted Italian democracy is in the exit polls. Those who admitted to backing Berlusconi lagged far, far behind those who actually backed him. This would indicate that the climate of public opinion, far from turning support for Berlusconi into a civic duty, had turned it into an embarrassment. It was more chic, it was more cool, to support the left.

The second pillar of the case against Berlusconi was that he was subverting the independence of the judiciary. Italian justices' Clean Hands investigation, starting in the early 1990s, sent so many top leaders in all parties to jail for bribes that it wound up dismantling the country's party system. For Berlusconi, this was a double-edged sword. He had come to power in the first place because he was not mixed up in the old system of kickbacks—at least not as a politician. But he had made his business fortune under that system, and the judiciary was showing itself insatiable. It wanted to punish the entire old ruling elite to which Berlusconi belonged—the business johns as well as the political prostitutes. Some voters liked Clean Hands, since it punished old-style political graft. Many others didn't like it, since, as Lord Acton might say, a judiciary that is fully "independent"—subject to no political control—can be as absolutely corrupt as any other possessor of absolute power. The Italian political system (much like the American one since Watergate) had grown dangerously complacent about using judicial proceedings to overturn democratic verdicts.

The electoral system (again, like America's) became polarized around judicial battles. Berlusconi's opponents argued that he was wasting his unprecedented legislative majorities only to pass laws protecting him from prosecution. This was not always true. His most recent judicial-reform project, for instance, was to abolish prosecutors' right to appeal acquittals. This abolition certainly sheltered him from the judges, but the right to reopen an acquittal (what we call double jeopardy) would be considered an outrage in most free countries.

It is true that Berlusconi squandered much of his political capital on keeping himself out of prison, and warped the legislative system to do so, stacking the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate with his personal lawyers. Berlusconi, though, was not without evidence that he was the target of undemocratic "red magistrates." Several of his judicial tormentors wound up running for election as part of Prodi's coalition. Most were in the post-Communist Democrats of the Left party (DS), but one, Antonio Di Pietro, headed a party called the Italy of Values, dedicated to the destruction of Berlusconi and asking Italians the question: Where is the Outrage? Italy wound up in a situation similar to that of America late in the Clinton years. Half the public laments that Berlusconi spent most of his five-year term getting himself out of trouble—but the fact is, he is *in* trouble, and it is his political opponents who have put him there. The difference is that Italian voters are notoriously unbudgeable by arguments. There is a mob on "the right" and a mob on "the left," and, as the political scientist Luca Ricolfi has shown, only about 3 percent of them ever switch camps. Those who thought Berlusconi was a responsible

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leader thought he was acting like a responsible leader. Those who did not, did not.

Berlusconi in the end was rejected by a far narrower percentage than any pundit had predicted, and not for any of the reasons pundits had said he ought to be. Rather, he lost on one stupid mistake. In this election, the government decided to give the vote to the 2.6 million Italians living abroad. The assumption (wild, in retrospect) was that most Italians overseas were still churchgoing cobblers in Queens and bus drivers in Buenos Aires. More likely, they are sociology professors in Berkeley or sous-chefs in Greenwich Village. They gave Prodi four of the five senate seats they were allowed to vote on and account for all of his two-seat margin.

In retrospect, the turning point of the campaign probably came in March, when the new governor of the Bank of Italy, Mario Draghi, released his first economic bulletins. Draghi, a former vice chairman of Goldman Sachs, is one of the best free market economists in Italy, and the picture he painted was one of disaster. Italy's growth is at zero. It has underperformed other E.U. countries for 13 of the last 15 years. The network of small businesses that thrived in the 1990s is finding it hard to compete in the global economy. Debt is higher than GDP. The European Commission and the IMF have both downgraded Italy's bonds. So out went the small businessmen who had been (along with the above-mentioned TV addicts) the backbone of Berlusconi's 2001 victory.

It is not easy to see, though, what Berlusconi could have done to arrest this economic decline. He promised five reforms in his Contract with the Italians: cut crime, lower taxes, increase pensions, embark on a huge program of public works, create jobs. He had done most of these, had even given Italy a more flexible labor market, and had raised the retirement age. His heart was set on tax cuts—he notoriously claimed to "understand" those who evaded taxation, and he passed amnesties to permit tax-sheltered money back into the country—but these cuts were minimal, due to pressure from his coalition partners. Further reforms were made politically impossible when Italy's largest union federation put 3 million people into the streets to protest the Berlusconi agenda early in 2002.

And that was perhaps the strangest aspect of the elections. Prodi announced that Italy needed a return to *serietà*, or seriousness, while painting Berlusconi as a simple mind, out of his depth. But Berlusconi, the "showman," was actually running on an economic program that, although thwarted, did not differ in kind from those of other statesmen of the European center. Prodi, the "economist," was running on public relations and sloganeering. Nothing in his 281-page election manifesto made the slightest sense. This is understandable, given his need to reconcile Communists and free-marketers, but it reduced the left's platform to incoherence. Prodi had two obsessions on the stump: The capital gains tax (which he promised to hike dramatically) and *lavore precario* (jobs from which you can be fired, which Prodi opposed as unbendingly as the marchers in Paris). Prodi aimed to undo most of Berlusconi's job market reforms. At the same time, he promised to cut the cost of Italian labor. And there was more. Almost any economist would say that Berlusconi's pension reforms—notably, raising the retirement age from 57 to 60—were baby steps in the right direction. But Prodi promised to undo them.

To ask an impertinent question, is zero percent growth in Italy all that bad? Consider that Italy today is in the most desperate position of natural demographic decline of any country in history. Its birth rate is already below its death rate, and the difference will widen as the baby boom generation ages. The country's native population is projected to fall by almost 30 percent—from 58 to 40 million—before the year 2050. What kind of long-term investments, aside from nursing homes, would any businessman want to make there? Some of Italy's population loss will be made up by English doctors and lawyers buying second homes in the countryside. Most will be made up by the immigration of unskilled labor from the Arab world. It is doubtful the result will be net growth.

Immigration and Islam made little impact on the campaign, except in one spectacular incident. Roberto Calderoli, a jowly minister from the right-wing regional party the Northern League, who had once addressed a Palestinian-Italian journalist as "that suntanned lady over there," unbuttoned his shirt during a television interview to reveal a T-shirt featuring those Muhammad cartoons published in Denmark that famously led to riots throughout the Muslim world. In Libya, where Italian television is widely picked up, there were riots (perhaps orchestrated by the Qaddafi regime), which left 14 people dead. Calderoli resigned his post and may yet be prosecuted.

The absence of immigration from the campaign may be a tribute to the way the last two governments—Berlusconi's and that of the post-Communist Massimo D'Alema—have handled the issue, through a rising but relatively orderly set of laws imposing quotas. But it is surprising nonetheless. Italy is a latecomer to mass immigration, but

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today it gets more immigrants than any European country except Spain. Most come from North Africa, the Muslim Balkans, and Romania. In certain ways, Italy is going through the same immigration pains that its neighbors have experienced. Berlusconi's interior minister tried to set up a Muslim council that could advise and negotiate with the government on behalf of the religious community. To the government's consternation, though, the body has come to be dominated by a Muslim Brotherhood-linked group called Ucoii, short for the Union of Italian Islamic Communities and Organizations. Ucoii calls for an Islamic bank with special lending practices, Islamic schools, religious hour, halal food in public institutions, and Muslim holy days off, and it denies Israel's right to exist. This is very much like France's experience with a similar mediating body.

But Italy's immigration politics is *sui generis* in a number of ways. For one thing, the public discourse is very politically incorrect and hostile to immigration by European standards. You can see this in the popularity of Oriana Fallaci's books, but also in the way, when a crime occurs, Italians will say things like, *"Sarà stato un maroquino"* ("It was probably a Moroccan"). In March, a 19-year-old Tunisian immigrant from the town of Serramazzoni (22 percent immigrant) was arrested for a knife murder in Pavullo nel Frignano, near Modena, generally a left-wing part of the country. Flyers calling for mass deportations were distributed almost immediately. One local expressed his approval to the *Corriere della Sera*, saying, "I'm not against all of them, but maybe it's about time to start organizing some roundups." Another Italian anomaly is the unusually large amount of active proselytizing on the part of Muslims. Towards the end of the election, a Turkish group pamphleted every household in one part of Emilia with a bizarre document called "An Exhortation to the Right Way and True Salvation," which was broken into three parts—first, ridicule of the Christian trinity; second, a loving catalogue of favorite Islamic punishments; and third, a defense of Cat Stevens. The rate of conversion to Islam is extremely high in Italy, and includes a number of former ambassadors to Arab countries and radical political figures.

Under such circumstances, a new kind of left-right polarization is emerging, although not yet with such clarity as to replace the obsolescent 20th-century one over which the recent elections were fought. On one hand, Italian cultural conservatism is becoming more vocal. One Christian Democrat in the Berlusconi government provoked a European diplomatic incident when he opined that "Nazi laws and Hitler's ideas are being reborn in the Netherlands with [the Dutch policy of] euthanasia." Italy has a strong movement against teaching of evolution in schools and an organized campaign last year blocked a referendum that would have liberalized Italian law on various kinds of test-tube conception.

Even more interesting are the intellectuals who are beginning to discuss whether Catholics and non-religious people can unite to defend Western identity (or maybe just to figure out what it is). Right now, the leaders of the group are mostly secular, although Pope Benedict XVI converges with their thinking more than did John Paul II, who was more focused on interreligious dialogue. Despite their secularism, a name given them by the *Riformista* newspaper—*i teocon*, "the theocons"—has stuck, perhaps because it combines theology with neoconservatism, both less than popular in Italian intellectual circles. One group of theocons surrounds the president of the Italian senate, Marcello Pera, and finds its most sophisticated exponent in the philosopher Gaetano Quagliarello. Another carries on a running debate in the eight-page daily broadsheet *Il Foglio*, owned by Berlusconi's wife, edited by a Russophone ex-Communist intellectual, and probably the most sophisticated (certainly the drollest) newspaper in Europe. The misnamed theocons are where most of the action is in Italian intellectual life, but they have been roundly calumniated in much of the press, and even by members of the Berlusconi government, including the interior minister Giuseppe Pisanu.

Meanwhile, the left-leaning cognoscenti who were so keen to unload Berlusconi have a new problem. It is that they hold their leader, the old-fashioned Catholic industrial-policy expert Prodi, in extremely low esteem. Yet Prodi is desperately necessary to his coalition. He is necessary because he is willing to play the role of fig leaf for leftists. The center of gravity in the Prodi government is the Democrats of the Left (DS). Although directly descended from the former Italian Communist party (PCI), the DS is always described as part of the center-left. This is a stretch. True, the PCI did reinvent themselves as social democrats in 1991, and were also the most moderate of the Western Communist parties during the Cold War.

But it won't do to exaggerate: Somewhere between a fifth and a quarter of the DS's elected representatives—a group called the *correntone*, or big current—think the whole move towards social democracy was a big mistake. *Correntone* followers will happily work with the two unrepentant, hard-line Communist parties in the Prodi coalition. Both are chic and growing. They are Communist Refoundation, led by the eloquent and gentlemanly Fausto Bertinotti; and the Italian Communists, led by Oliviero Diliberto. The parties are distinguished primarily by their

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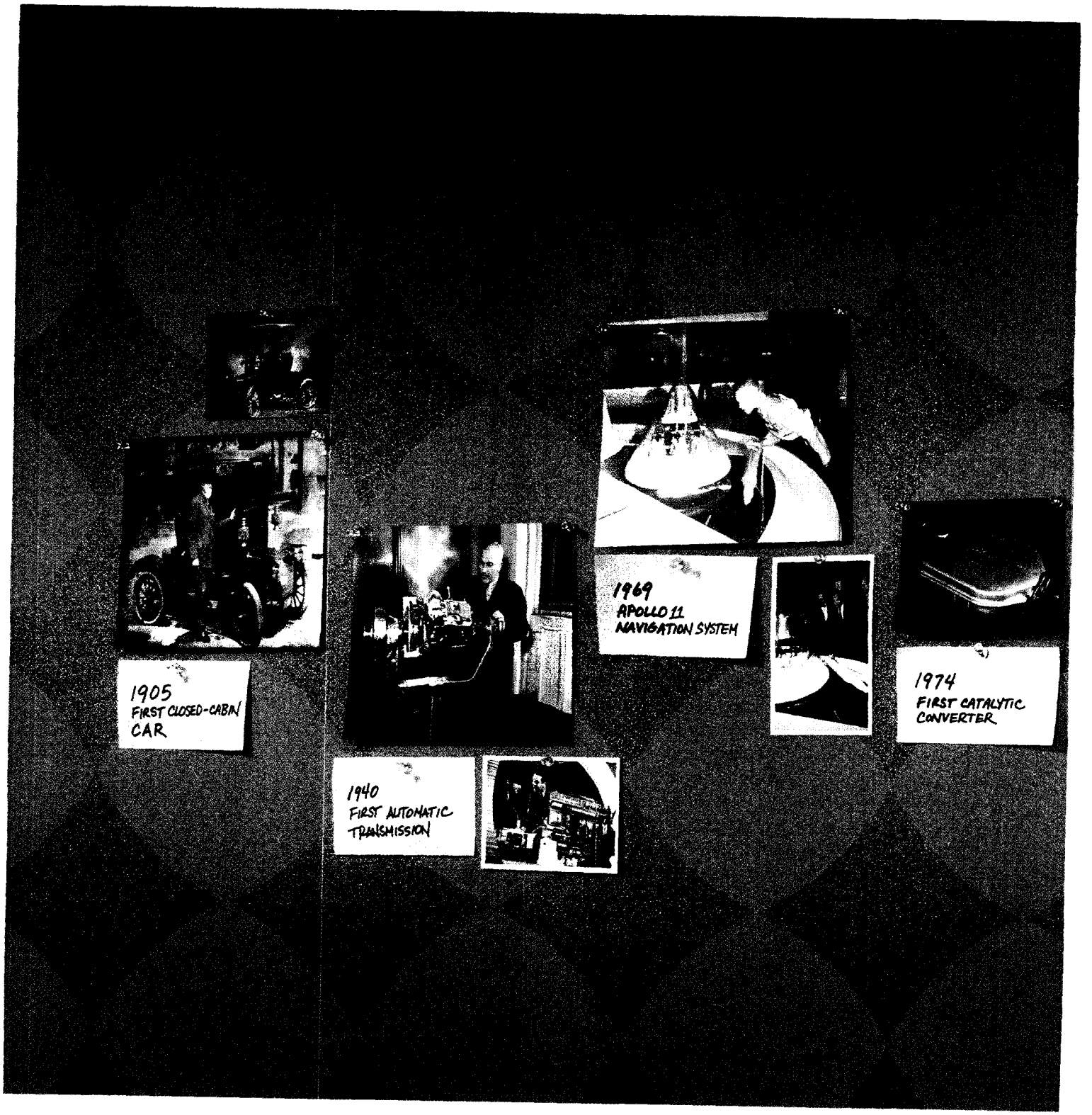

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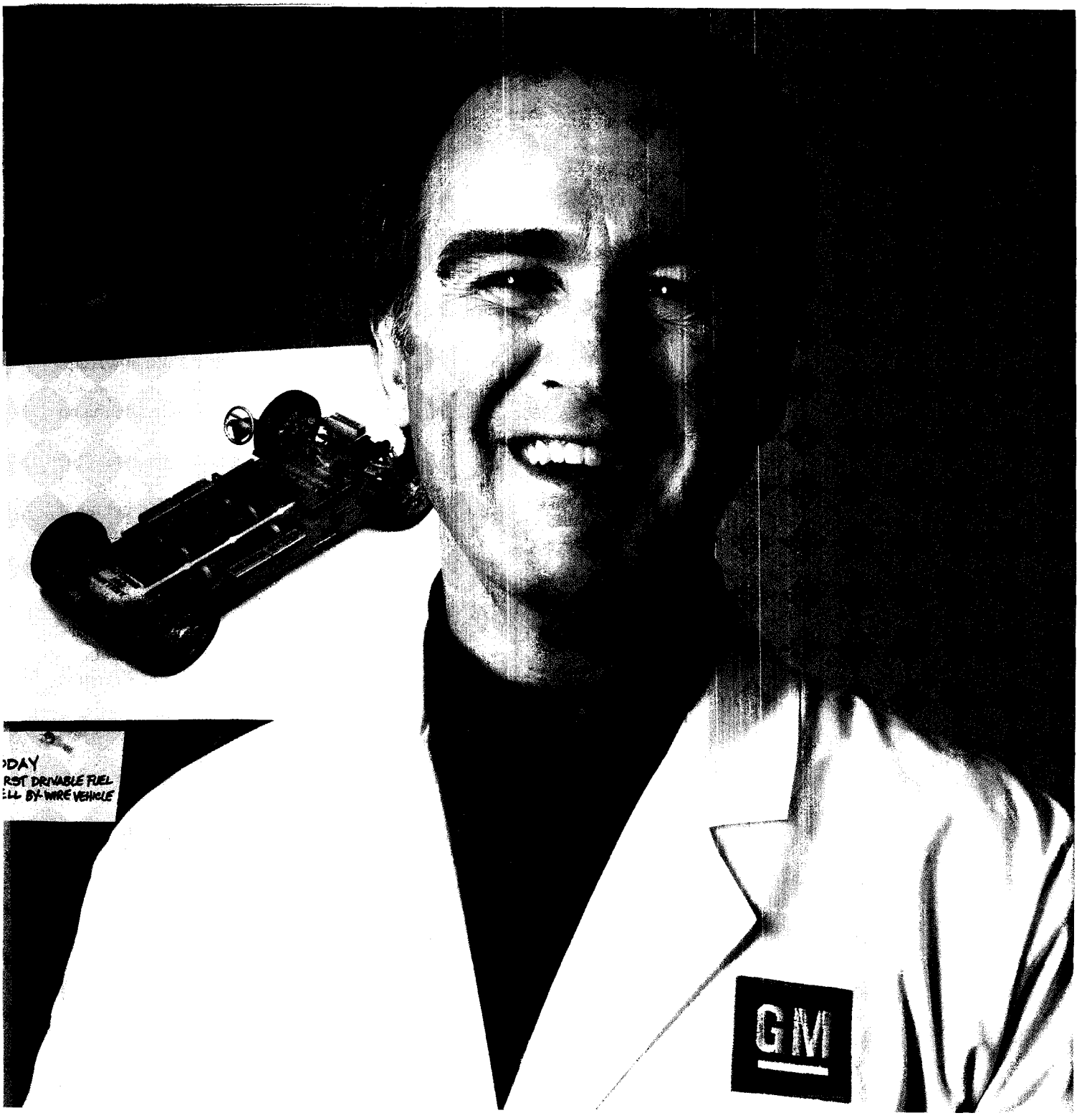

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willingness to burn American flags at rallies for Hezbollah and Hamas. Bertinotti's followers say no, Diliberto's say yes. This means that roughly a third of Prodi's ruling coalition will consist of hard-line smash-it-with-a-lead-pipe-and-light-it-on-fire Communists and antiglobalists. Their position is considerably strengthened by their proven willingness to undermine Prodi. It was Bertinotti's defection from an earlier left-wing coalition that led to the collapse of Prodi's premiership a decade ago.

This is not to say none of Prodi's followers are centrists—only that they are swamped by tendencies with which they have nothing in common. The Margherita party, Prodi's center of power, is one half of Italy's old Christian Democrats. A party called *Rosa nel Pugno* ("Rose in the Fist"), led by a charismatic free market politician named Emma Bonino, has always been pro-American and pro-free market. But Rosa and the Margherita cannot compete with the left of the coalition in any way—in votes, passion, or intellectual energy. Rosa, with its 2.5 percent of the vote, can call all it wants for a "community of democracies" and the financial isolation of tyrants. As long as it remains in the Prodi coalition, it merely provides ballast for those who wish no such thing.

On Saturday, March 11, thousands of antiglobalists poured into the streets of Milan to block a scheduled march by a tiny fascist group. Under this pretext, they smashed shops and burned cars up and down the city's main avenue. Berlusconi and Pisanu quickly noted that Francesco Caruso, longtime leader of a violent branch of antiglobalization protesters called the *Disobbedienti*, was running in Calabria on Bertinotti's Refoundation ticket and would thus serve in any Prodi majority. Bertinotti said that he himself was an antiglobalist, but stressed that he was dedicated to peace, and offered to organize a march to prove it. (When the State Department issued a travel warning after the Milan rampage, Prodi accused the Bush administration of trying to intervene in the campaign to help Berlusconi.)

Berlusconi's opponents were never able to decide whether to paint him as a threatening tyrant or an embarrassing buffoon. If anything, the latter was closer to the mark. In the end, he was only a brilliant entrepreneur with a strong interest in politics whose ideas—many of them quite good—proved less workable than he had thought, and whose personality proved less refreshing on the hustings than it did in the boardroom.

Maybe Berlusconi had climbed too far in his personal life to take Italy's problems terribly seriously. Towards the end of his first debate with Prodi, he gave an answer to a question about Iran that was clearly baffling the moderators. After going on for half a minute he caught himself and asked: "What country did you say?" When he was told Iran, he said, "Oh. I thought you said Iraq."

In a country known for rough-and-tumble campaigns, Berlusconi's was pussyfooting and hyper-scrupulous. To take one example, the devout Catholic Prodi lost no opportunity to declare his common values with the Catholic middle class. The Catholic pacifist group Pax Christi even sent notes to Berlusconi's Forza supporters implying that it was unchristian to vote for the right. The problem for Prodi was that much of his coalition was agitating strongly for gay marriage, and Refoundation was even running a drag queen named Vladimir Luxuria on its list. Prodi had tried to pacify everyone with a promise of civil unions. But Benedict XVI had termed this "the legislation of evil." It may be possible to reconcile civil unions and Catholic devotion if you're a Jesuit, but not if you're a politician. In an American campaign, no opponent Prodi faced would have let go of this issue until he had sawed the Prodi branch off the Vatican tree, but Berlusconi let it pass.

What is interesting about the coming Prodi administration is that there is nothing in its election manifesto that can serve as a basis for government. The European Union, whose constitutional and regulatory agenda Prodi hopes to make his own, may be vivid in Prodi's mind. (He described his victory as "a profoundly European result," whatever that means.) But for most Europeans it is a mirage, a failed experiment. So what will Prodi do? He could rule according to the wishes of his leftmost coalition partners—already the powerful CGIL union is clamoring for a scrapping of virtually all recent economic reforms—but it is unlikely the centrist parties in his coalition will consent to that.

The only alternative model that presents itself is that of Spanish leader José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero, who was, for the Italian left, the patron saint of the election. The DS leader Massimo D'Alema mentioned him, and admiring books on the Spanish leader filled the bookstores. If Zapatero proves the model, the likely result will be a combination of "neutralism" (meaning abandonment of the war on terror and, most certainly, of the war in Iraq) and a series of rushed-through rights-oriented changes in domestic policy. There are several ways to look at such an Italo-Spanish axis: as a "Latin" belt with affinities to the Latin America of Hugo Chávez, as the part of Europe that has been Finlandized by sudden heavy immigration and the close presence of North Africa, or as a "post-Catholic" belt that is taking a different road out of the industrial age than Europe's northern Protestant societies. About the only safe bet is that Italians will have less to laugh about in the next government than they did in the last one. ♦

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Creative Destruction, Crawford Style

The Bush economic policy could use some refurbishing

By Irwin M. Stelzer

"We are the party of ideas," says President Bush. And he has been right, at least until now. But, as he refreshes his team, he faces three years that might prove a dreary descent into irrelevance unless he also refreshes his domestic economic policies. The fact is that what worked for compassionate conservatism in 2000 won't get America where he wants to take it now, in the new world of 2006.

When George Bush rode out of Texas under the banner of compassionate conservatism, he was on to something. Most Americans style themselves conservatives: They like the opportunities and standard of living that the freemarket system has made available to them, they don't like taxes, and they generally believe we are the good guys when international disputes arise. But Americans are also compassionate: They want to share their good fortune with what the Victorians would call "the deserving poor," and since welfare reformers cleared the rolls of the most undeserving, they are content to leave most of the apparatus of the New Deal in place. Moreover, they recognize that as the country grows richer and its citizens grow older, the role of government might have to expand to include a greater commitment to easing the burdens of age and sickness, something a growing and increasingly affluent country can afford without increasing the portion of national income claimed by government.

But those signing on with Bush expected him to meet these needs while also keeping the nation's economy moving ahead, with its fiscal house in order, the results of growth distributed in a way that most could regard as fair, and continuing to rely largely on the free market system that has produced the greatest and most widely distributed material prosperity the world has ever seen. For a while Bush did all of that, applying those broad principles to the particular circumstances in which the nation found itself. Then, times changed, but the policies adopted to implement compassionate conservatism didn't.

Start with tax policy. Bush was right to listen to Larry Lindsey during the 2000 campaign and endorse a tax-cutting program that would do two things: prevent an economic softening from turning into a major recession, and encourage risk-taking and job-creation with tax cuts that benefited both those in the lower middle class, and, more obviously and controversially, high earners ("the rich," to liberals) and corporations. The Bush tax cuts thus met the compassionate (many families of modest means relieved of their tax burdens and benefiting from expanded child tax credits) conservative (maximize incentives) principles that brought the Texas governor to the White House.

But that was then. Now the economy is hardly in need of any stimulus: It is growing 3 or 4 percent or more, creating hundreds of thousands of jobs every month, and exhibiting enough signs of overheating to have the Fed raise interest rates. Nor are high earners in need of further incentives to take risks and work harder. Corporations find themselves awash in cash, profits are claiming a record portion of national income, hedge fund operators are busy acquiring huge modern paintings for the whitewashed walls of their multimillion-dollar lofts, and even Wall Street deal makers can find little to complain about.

Meanwhile, the middle class is not sharing as fully in the economic recovery as maintenance of the American dream requires, and compassion would suggest is desir-

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able. The data are, to put it mildly, hazy, and we must beware falling into the trap, set almost daily by the *New York Times* and the liberal media, of mistaking anecdotes for data. Nor can we ignore the fact that the majority of Americans profess satisfaction with their lives (57 percent "very satisfied," 28 percent "somewhat satisfied," only 13 percent "dissatisfied") and that consumer confidence remains high.

And yet, and yet. . . . It is not unreasonable for those who prefer to err on the side of caution when it comes to preserving the American dream to read the data as telling us that inequality is increasing, and that economic and social mobility are decreasing. Globalization—of which more later—has introduced billions of low-wage workers into the worldwide work force. Increase the supply of anything, including labor, and other things being equal, its price will be held down. That's what's happening to the incomes of unskilled workers as foreign workers offer their services at far lower wages, and immigrants, legal and illegal, compete for jobs in America.

Indeed, competition from foreign workers is no longer confined to the unskilled and to the manufacturing industries: Some skilled workers and the service industries are also under threat. There is considerable controversy among academics as to the effect of these developments on wage rates in America, with some arguing that the availability of cheap pool-maintenance labor increases the demand for pools and the skilled men and women who design and build them. Indeed, the net effect of immigration on economic growth remains the subject of studies and counter-studies. But there can be no denying that there has been little improvement at the lower end of the skill and wage scales. And common sense suggests it is better to be the owner of a swimming pool than the person who cleans it, and the buyer rather than the sewer of shirts, when the supply of low-wage workers increases.

It would be folly to attempt to stem the globalization tide. The widening gap between the skilled and unskilled is having the salutary effect that free-market conservatives would hope for: It has increased what economists call the education premium, to which hundreds of thousands are responding by pursuing higher education in community colleges. But it would not be folly for compassionate conservatives to ask themselves two questions.

Given the strength of the economy, the clear disinclination of Congress to cut spending, and the president's proven inclination to expand spending on new entitlement programs, is now not the time to address our fiscal deficit? It may not be at a threatening level relative to the size of the economy, but it is an economic stimulus we do not need, and it eats into borrowing capacity that we should reserve for the inevitable next downturn. Let's hope that Rob Portman, moved from U.S. Trade Representative to head of the Office of Management and Budget in last week's White House shake-up, deserves his reputation as a deficit hawk.

Equally important, given the rapid rise of incomes at the upper end of the scale: Is now not the time to reexamine the distribution of the tax burden with a view towards tipping it a bit more in favor of those who have not shared fully in our increasing affluence? Such restructuring need not result in a net increase in the tax burden, especially if we shift the revenue burden away from payroll taxes and towards the more progressive income tax. I hasten to add that I am less certain of the answer to this second question than I am to the first, especially in light of the facts that America's corporate tax rate is now at the high end of the international tables, and that the Bush tax cuts already exempt so many middle income families from income tax—32 percent of all those who file income tax returns have zero or negative tax liabilities, and the bottom 60 percent of earners pay only 0.6 percent of all income taxes. But I am certain that it is a question compassionate conservatives should be asking, since the progressivity of the income tax structure is not reflected in payroll taxes. As the *Economist* recently put it, "For most Americans the income tax is much less important than the payroll tax."

Conservatives should also be asking whether our energy policy makes any sense. The president is right to want to encourage the development of oil-saving technologies, although it is a mystery why auto companies need subsidies to develop products for which they believe the market is clamoring, and which would not be needed if we were to price oil properly. And Bush is right, too, to want to remove any uneconomic barriers to the development of domestic resources. But neither of those measures is likely to break our dependence on oil imports soon, or probably ever.

That will take bolder steps. The arguments in favor of making imported oil more costly to use are virtually unanswerable: Higher prices would cut consumption and encourage new technologies far more efficiently than government bureaucrats who think they can pick technological winners, despite a dismal history of playing at that game. For those who share the president's infatuation with wood chips and switch grass, I recommend a study of the massive failure of government-favored coal liquefaction projects in the 1970s. Conservatives are entitled to be disappointed that their president

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prefers to have his bureaucrats pick technological winners rather than leave that decision to the market. Greater reliance on getting the price of fossil fuels right by having them reflect all the costs of their consumption, and less reliance on government subsidy schemes, would remind us more of the Bush who rode into town from Crawford, and less of the Bush who now lives among the Washington bureaucracy.

Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee earlier this month, "I can tell you that nothing has really taken me aback more as secretary of state than the way that the politics of energy is—I will use the word *warping*—diplomacy around the world." Yet, we are doing nothing about the fact that we rely for a steady flow of oil on the likes of Saudi Arabia, which uses its oil revenues to finance terrorists in the hope of diverting them to external targets, but whose oil facilities are nevertheless subject to attack and disruption; Iran, which is threatening to turn off its spigot if the world angers it by moving against its nuclear weapons program to forestall it from achieving its stated goal of wiping Israel from the face of the earth; Venezuela, controlled by an anti-American Castro clone who has already seized several oil fields from major oil companies; Iraq, in a state of turmoil; Russia, in which oil is seen by Vladimir Putin more as a weapon in the geopolitical wars than as a commodity; and unstable regimes in Africa, all now supported by oil-hungry China, a leading investor in Iran.

That reliance—addiction, if you prefer—forces us to send billions of dollars to regimes that finance terrorists or, at minimum, do not wish us well. The cost of that addiction should be borne by the addicts, Americans who drive their cars and heat their homes with a fuel that is dangerous to the nation's health. So conservatives concerned with national security, with the "warping" of our diplomacy, with the ability of our economy to continue growing, and with the need to develop market-oriented environmental policies, should be clamoring for a tax on oil use. That would be fairer than taxing gasoline alone: It shares the burden between regions of the country that use oil for heating (the Northeast), and regions in which drivers cover long distances to get to work and the supermarket (the West).

Such a tax on oil use would, of course, generate huge revenues, not a good thing from the point of view of anyone already appalled by the president's LBJ-like expansion of government. No problem: Those revenues can be offset by reductions in the regressive, job-destroying payroll tax now levied on salaries. "Tax dangerous oil consumption, not wealth-creating jobs" is a slogan that just might have some popular appeal.

The next area of economic policy that compassionate conservatives might rethink relates to trade. No need here to rehearse the virtues of free trade, or to detail the way trade-opening measures have contributed to world economic growth. Even the president's severest critics cannot deny that he has led the fight for freer trade. Yes, he has had to take an occasional step back (steel and apparel) in order to take two steps forward. But he has authorized successive trade representatives to negotiate bilateral Free Trade Agreements that will in aggregate cover 54 percent of U.S. exports, and he made a historic offer to eliminate all trade-distorting agricultural subsidies if our trading partners would do the same. (The French *non* was immediate and unequivocal.)

Freer trade has enriched American consumers by forcing down the prices of everything from T-shirts and sneakers to computers and television sets; it has enabled the Fed to keep interest rates lower than they would be if inflation were a greater threat; it has forced domestic producers to become more efficient in producing goods that American consumers want to buy. All of these are the benign results of the sorts of policies that conservatives elected George Bush to push through a reluctant Congress.

But free trade creates losers as well as winners. The winners are consumers, as any stroll down the aisles of Wal-Mart will make clear. The losers are producers—those who have invested capital in companies that changing circumstances make uncompetitive with overseas suppliers, and workers employed by those companies. Not all of these workers are members of trade unions that have a history of exploiting monopsony power, as did auto and steel workers in the days when domestic manufacturers were not faced with effective competition from imports, and could pass on to captive consumers any wage increases needed to buy peace in the plants and quiet in the boardrooms. Many workers hurt by imports have played the game the way we have asked them to—work hard, educate your children, pay your taxes.

Suddenly, the world changes, and through no fault of their own they find themselves unable to compete with labor in countries in which labor is abundant and cheap. Nothing in economic theory teaches that these workers are less worthy of the concern of policymakers than the consumers who benefit from low-cost imports, especially in an era in which the theorists' assumed perfect markets do not exist: Currency manipulation is rife, the theft of our intellectual property runs into the billions, and barriers to the sale of America's important exports—the

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three "A"s of aircraft, agriculture, and audiovisual products—are quite high.

What economics can teach is that attempts to prevent the adaptation of the economy to the new circumstances of global trade will either be costly or futile. Which is where compassionate conservatism distinguishes itself from a market-based ideology that ignores the transition costs inevitably incident to change. Rather than attempt to slow change, it is better policy to transfer some of the gains of the winners to the losers. Consumers benefiting from cheaper goods can reasonably be asked to allocate some of their gains to the losers, so as to ameliorate the pain of the transition and thereby reduce the opposition to change.

The preferred transfer technique, the compassionate one and one the Bush administration adopted, is to help with job retraining. But here we run into another complication—the ineptitude of government in general, and this administration in particular. Compassion is fine, but only when accompanied by skill at policy implementation. To cite just one example of the gap between aspiration and achievement, Congress passed and the president approved a Trade Adjustment Assistance program in 2002, providing among other things that older workers displaced by foreign competition receive from the government half the difference between the wages at their old jobs, and what they are able to earn at such jobs as they find after being laid off. Great idea, poor implementation. Because the number of hoops through which an applicant must jump seem to be infinite, only 1,403 workers received checks from this program between August 2003 and December 2004.

Surely there is more to a sensible trade policy than doing what little can be done to salvage the Doha round of World Trade Organization negotiations, negotiating bilateral free trade agreements with willing partners, and enacting retraining programs that cannot be implemented. Trade policy should include workable programs for sharing the gains of consumers with deserving workers in the goods and services-producing sectors. Adam Smith, for one, saw no inconsistency between the free trade he espoused and measures to ease the pain of those adversely affected by it.

The Great Scot also famously touted the social (let's call it compassionate) and economic (let's call it conservative) virtues of free, open, competitive markets. So followers of Smith should be devising ways to strengthen the competition that creates the Schumpeterian "perennial gale of creative destruction" that forces firms to innovate or die, and to offer products that combine high quality and low prices in a combination that consumers find attractive. America's future lies with firms not now in existence producing goods and services we cannot now imagine, which means that incumbents cannot be allowed to bar the entry of ambitious newcomers.

But conservatives seem to have lost their way when it comes to antitrust policy. A few weeks ago our government launched a global effort to persuade antitrust officials in the European Union to be nice to Microsoft and forgive it its sins, or at least not penalize the company for them. When Bill Gates and Co. were ordered by the E.U. to surrender the illicit portion of their monopoly position and pay a $600 million fine, the administration launched a veritable blitz on Microsoft's behalf. It communicated its "substantial concern" at Microsoft's treatment to Europe's trustbuster, Neelie Kroes, and had its embassies in all 25 E.U. countries notify those countries that our government is on Microsoft's side in its efforts to wriggle out from under adverse findings by the European competition authorities. That intervention matters: These countries must ratify any decision by the antitrust authorities to penalize Microsoft.

But that's not the only reason to worry that the Bush administration might be about to undermine the antitrust laws. The Federal Trade Commission and the antitrust division of the Justice Department recently announced a series of hearings to consider revisions of existing restrictions on the sorts of business practices allowed to firms with dominant market positions. Why such hearings are necessary when an independent commission has just completed its own review and is preparing its report is unclear.

Conservatives should be showering the White House with appeals to preserve the antitrust laws from their enemies. For one thing, by preserving competition these laws narrow the areas in which direct government regulation is necessary. Monopoly must be regulated, and we have an alphabet soup of agencies that do that, and not terribly well. Where there is competition, rival firms are forced to provide consumers with reasonable prices and acceptable quality: Adam Smith's invisible hand makes the long arm of the regulatory authorities an unnecessary appendage. Eliminate competition, and the regulators take over, setting up expensive procedures to help them guess what the market would have produced if competition had existed. The history of regulation in the telephone, electric, gas, airline, trucking, and other industries should have believers in free markets, and opponents of government meddling, lined up to save other industries, and the consumers they serve, from a similar fate.

Perhaps even more important, by preventing dominant companies from creating barriers to the entry of

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newcomers, the antitrust laws help to preserve the social mobility that we conservatives tout as a key ingredient of American exceptionalism and the American dream. If incumbent firms are left free to engage in what in the trade are known as predatory or exclusionary tactics, or to conspire to throw their combined weight at any new competitor, the entrepreneurs who become the nouveaux riches and challenge existing wealth will be a thing of the past. Google may have been invented by two kids in a dorm, but it is not beyond the realm of reason to believe that the government's antitrust suit inhibited Microsoft from strangling its principal potential competitor at birth.

Most important of all, we are entering an era in which the wealth of nations will depend on their ability to innovate, to discover better ways of doing things, and new things to do. If we know anything about innovation, we know that we cannot rely exclusively on the laboratories and research operations of existing firms to provide all of the drive an economy needs if it is to move forward. Schumpeter's creative destruction is good news for innovators and bad news for incumbents. Progress destroys the value of existing assets, and replaces those values with new ones, as wireless communication today threatens the value of wires in the ground by creating an increasingly attractive alternative means of communicating.

Other forms of innovation—think Southwest and JetBlue—also benefit consumers by destroying the value of the monopoly positions of incumbent carriers, positions that decades of regulation enabled them to retain, and a few years of open competition destroyed. Left to their own devices, with no antitrust laws to worry about, it is a good bet that the now-bankrupt, inefficient high-fare carriers would have been able to deny new entrants access to airport gates and markets, either by predatory fare-cutting or by overloading contested routes with excess capacity.

The antitrust laws, properly enforced, do not allow firms with a monopoly of one industry (think computer operating systems) to lever it into control of other phases of the industry, or to force equipment manufacturers to buy their products to the exclusion of those of their competitors. They do not allow mergers that substantially lessen competition. They do not allow dominant firms to use unjustifiable discounts or threats of supply cut-offs during periods of shortage to freeze out competitors. But they most definitely allow firms to grow just as big as their initiative and efficiency will carry them. Yes, we want firms to become dominant if they have the proverbial better mousetrap; but we don't want to let them use that power also to control the market for cheese, which other firms can provide more efficiently.

A vigorous antitrust policy should be near and dear to the hearts of conservative believers in the efficacy of free markets and a minimal role for government in the marketplace—if they can survive the anti-anti-trust rants on the op-ed pages of the *Wall Street Journal* and the administration's diminished attention to the role of free markets in producing prosperity and keeping the size of government to a minimum.

Finally, there is immigration policy, the current political hot potato. It is no good to suggest the impossible: We can't load 11 (or is it 13?) million people onto buses back to Mexico; we are too conservative to condone lawlessness by rewarding illegal immigrants with citizenship; we are too compassionate to allow employers to exploit illegal immigrants and in the process depress the wages of American citizens, or to deny the sick health care and the young an education. Nor can we allow the flow to continue unimpeded.

Compassionate conservatives can satisfy the demands of their conservative heads by regaining control of our borders—yes, we can and should build a wall that will slow the flow of illegals to a mere trickle—and of their compassionate hearts by swallowing hard and agreeing to conditions under which the illegal immigrants already in our midst can be made welcome.

Which brings us to Theodore Roosevelt. TR is the idol before whom compassionate conservative foreign policy wonks bow—the one reason an Andy Warhol portrait of Teddy Roosevelt hangs on my office wall. Manly (if I might borrow from Harvey Mansfield), muscular, unswerving in pursuit of America's interests, broadly defined. TR would not have hesitated to advise the Mexican authorities that if they want to continue shipping us their poor and do not want us to interdict the billions in remittances that these workers send home, they had better end their ban on our investment in their oil industry. It is only by allowing American know-how and capital to become available that Mexico can increase its oil production and its role as an alternative to Middle East supplies. Surely, conservatives can approve of such a prying open of markets to allow the free flow of capital and technology, especially in the case of a country so vigorous in support of the free flow of labor across borders.

There's more, but you get the idea: To remain the source of ideas—an important goal given that the liberals' policy cupboard is bare but may not remain so, and that much of the contents of the compassionate conservatives' cupboard is stale—compassionate conservatives have to forget the triumphs of 2000 and 2004, and ask how best to apply their principles in a much changed world. ♦

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Revolting in France

The labor-law protests pitted the privileged young against disaffected immigrants

By Robert S. Leiken

God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water, the fire next time!
—Epigraph to James Baldwin's The Fire Next Time *(1963)*

Gallic reason has succumbed to French revolutionary reaction. At length President Jacques Chirac, who withstood U.S. pressure on Iraq, surrendered to marching unions, students, and radical sects, and withdrew the modest labor-law reform his government had backed in an effort to create jobs. The marchers thus have secured for their country economic stagnation and political paralysis. Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin has blown his scripted Reagan/Thatcher moment from which he was to have emerged strengthened by a duel with the unions. Instead, France's conservative leaders must sit, fingers-crossed, hoping vainly that the volatile second and third-generation immigrant suburbs—now deprived of even the slim promise of a shot at stable employment held out by the cashiered labor reform—will not burn again.

I stood in the Paris rain and watched the ghosts march. The walking museum exhibited every brand of revolutionary familiar in another life: Trotskyites distributed leaflets announcing "world revolution." Class struggle (*la lutte des classes*) got major poster board. Adorned with hammer and sickle, red flags stood out against black anarchist banners vowing "Death!" to "Capital" and "Democracy." Followers of Mao Zedong and Lyndon LaRouche strolled with aging militants of the French Communist party. Lycée students in Ché Guevara T-shirts ambled alongside grey-bearded Sorbonne professors chanting slogans from the Spanish Civil War. Blimps hoisted by labor unions dawdled above plump public employees. Causes and ideas that were young in 19th-century Europe had escaped from their nursing homes in Pyongyang, Havana, and Minsk. The marchers in their millions around the country would soon be celebrating victory, but when viewed from the standpoint of economics and history, they had joined a funeral procession.

The marchers paused and unfurled their umbrellas, chanting solidarity with the *sans papiers*, France's undocumented workers. But uninvited to the protest party, unmentioned on any of the banners and posters and pins and leaflets, were the angry young men of the *banlieues*, the bleak suburbs of French cities where less than six months earlier 9,000 cars were torched, 500 public buildings attacked, and nearly 5,000 residents arrested in three weeks of rioting sometimes called "the French intifada."

It was an absence Professor Axel Honneth—the new guru of the Frankfurt school, inheriting the mantle of Herbert Marcuse and Jürgen Habermas—seemed unaware of. In a celebratory interview in *Le Monde*, Honneth intoned: "The revolt of the *banlieues* has played a decisive role in the current protest movement against the [labor reform] in the sense that it permitted the students to realize that they too could change things."

That statement and the scene at the Paris demonstration in March perfectly represent the musty dream castle of the unreconstructed European left. In reality, the rioters from the *banlieues*—most of them born in France, though of African descent—loathe the marchers who gathered to protest a mild labor reform designed to offer the slum-dwellers a shot at decent jobs.

Young men from the *banlieues* rather fancied the new law mandating a two-year trial period during which an employer would be entitled to fire a young worker. "It gives us a chance to prove ourselves; that's all we're asking for," I was told in Asnières, Saint-Denis, Garges, Stains, Pierrefitte, and Aubervilliers, *quartiers* where cars burn and youth unemployment reaches 50 percent.

The marchers saw the February law (establishing a new "First Employment Contract" or CPE) as a threat to the lifetime job that most of them devoutly wish to inherit from their parents. But French employers now rarely hire, precisely because they cannot fire: They cannot adjust the size of their work force to the demand for their product. So, sad to say, there is no future for France's lifetime job, with its 35-hour week, six-week vacation, and medical package that the World Health Organization rates best on earth. What

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such marchers used to call "objective forces"—in China and India, Vietnam and Eastern Europe—are shaping economic reality far beyond their own poor power to add or detract. The lifetime job is on its way to extinction.

Yet a recent survey of French university students found that a government job is exactly what 70 percent of them aspire to. To secure it, student leaders reached out to the unions, whose main strength (virtually their only strength) is among public sector workers, no trifling constituency in a country where railways are run by the state. The unions, the students, the professors, and the sects rallied for a system of privileges. With their signs excoriating the "precariousness" of "savage capitalism," they were marching against history and economics and the hopes of the *banlieues*.

And some of last fall's car burners knew it. So some crashed the party, turning up at the protests in March like the uninvited thirteenth fairy. In a packed Paris Metro train, I watched a team of them in hooded sweatshirts and baggy pants follow a strapping African teenager who might have a future as a NFL offensive lineman. Exiting at Gare de Lyon, where a similar squad was waiting, together they broke into the open field, disappearing toward the procession wending its way to the Place de la République. The *casseurs*—literally "breakers"—assembled along the march they planned to attack, just as they had at another demonstration a week before, ripping off a cell phone here, breaking a store window there, and sending chills through the bourgeois neighborhoods. Later, I would learn from the news that attacks had indeed occurred at the Place de la République. Modern Luddites, burning cars instead of breaking machines, *sans culottes* storming a 21st-century Bastille, the rebels from the slums were aligned not, as the Frankfurt philosopher imagines, with the ghostly marchers, but *against* them.

> France is the country where, more than anywhere else, the historical class struggles were each time fought out to a finish, and where, consequently, the changing political forms within which they move and in which their results are summarized have been stamped in the sharpest outlines.

So wrote Friedrich Engels introducing Marx's first account of 19th-century class war. France still "shows the way to Europe." France, as the good professor reminded *Le Monde*, is still where revolution really happens, as opposed to Germany, where it only gets thought about. But the class struggle has taken a form that Marx and Engels never imagined. Lenin, who coined the term "worker aristocracy," came closer, for today's class struggle sets privileged workers against French citizens of immigrant background. This class war is being fought on the terrain of the "insider-outsider" labor market. It pits the insider labor aristocrat and his offspring against the progeny of the colonies, mostly the children and grandchildren of laborers recruited from North Africa half a century ago.

I spent the next day in the *banlieues* with Rachid Ech Chetouani, whose father came from Morocco in 1967. At 27, Rachid has given up his career as a rapper and labors long weeks trying to start a small business. He imports memory sticks from China and sells them on eBay. After traveling to Shanghai to establish contacts with suppliers, Rachid went to French banks for funds. Crédit Lyonnais and Société Générale refused to open him an account. Only the Paris branch of Crédit du Maroc, where his father knew the manager, would.

Air Jordans Rachid purchased in Chicago and resold in the *banlieues* and odds jobs in Quebec fetched some start-up money. Unlike the marchers, Rachid admires the New World: "In America, the boss looks to make a buck, and he expects you to work hard. It's the cash nexus. But that's fine with me. Here we can't get work because everything is based on affinities. The boss hires you only if you have an in. In America no one cares where you came from as long as you can bring in the bucks. But in France you have to know the right people, come from the right neighborhood with the right last name." The Montaigne Institute confirms Rachid's point. It conducted a survey and found that applicants with French surnames secured interviews five times more often than those with Arab names.

Rachid is a Muslim as well as an Arab, and Islam was the other notable player unrepresented at the recent demonstrations. The marchers gave no evidence in their myriad posters and flags or in the uniform color of their faces that Muslims make up 10 percent of France's population, or that France sports a gamut of Muslim organizations. The more peaceful of them belong to the official French Muslim Council. But at three marches, I saw no sign of any other Islamic group.

Nor did the Muslim groups join in last fall's riots—still less, orchestrate them, as many at first assumed. The head of the Paris branch of the French domestic intelligence agency, the Renseignements Généraux, told me that, of the 3,000 rioters arrested in and near Paris last fall, there was "not one known as belonging to an Islamist crowd and we monitor them closely." The chief operating officer of France's other major internal intelligence service, the DST (Directoire de Securité Territorial) added that the local Muslim Brothers and other Islamist groups tried unsuccessfully to quell the riots.

But you could easily find Wahhabi books in the *banlieues*, and for the same reason that a generation ago Mao's Little Red Book and the Collected Works of Kim Il Sung stressed bookshelves in shantytowns from Monterrey

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to Manila. The Saudis have taken a leaf from the Marxists: "All our books are Salafist," says one young resident. "But that's only because they're free. Nobody reads them."

Rachid prays five times a day and fasts during Ramadan, but he parties year round. He told me the Salafists have worn out their welcome in the *banlieues*. "They came here about five years ago. They'd preach for two hours nonstop telling us to pray, to be pious, not to drink, not to hang out. . . . They told us that if we prayed, Allah would find us work." The intelligence services and the police say the Salafists have gone underground for fear of the new rapid-deportation policy adopted to counter hate speech.

For similar reasons the jihadists among the Islamists stayed quiet during the riots last fall. The DST told me that just as the cars started burning, agents were poised to arrest two jihadists preparing to leave for Iraq. Postponing the collar till the *banlieues* quieted, they maintained surveillance on the jihadists. They heard them bemoaning the riots: "Now the cops, may Allah curse them, are everywhere." "Radical Islamists took no part in the violence," stated Pascal Mailhos, director general of the central office of the Renseignements Généraux. Their absence from both the riots and the recent demonstrations ought to calm the nerves of those who fear an Islamist takeover in France.

Animating the French rioters last fall was not Islamism or jihad but what the French call *nationalisme de quartier*, a kind of neighborhood pride. And their means of coordination was not some secret organization, as Interior Minister Nicolas Sarkozy suggested, but television. The *banlieues* were already seething because Sarkozy, accosted by the street kids, had called them *racaille*, or "scum." Then in Clichy-sous-Bois, north of Paris, two boys fled from a rumored police identity check and got electrocuted hiding near a power station. Word spread of murder by cops. The local street kids set cars burning to attract police and fire fighters, whom they then pelted with stones. Well before the riots, such burning traps had become a tried and true bait and switch. In the months preceding the riots, 28,000 cars had been torched around the country. But that night in Clichy, there were TV cameras nearby, coincidentally covering another event. Thirty cars were burned and scores of police were stoned. It made for riveting television, and it was watched eagerly in the *banlieues*.

"Everyone was talking about Clichy-sous-Bois. We said: We can top that," one young resident told me. Soon cars were burning in Seine-Saint-Denis: "They're burning cars in Aulnay-sous-Bois. Let's go for a bus." Soon not just cars and buses but schools, warehouses, factories, and police stations were ablaze as each *quartier* sought face time in a bizarre competition for recognition, and then the thymotic rivalry spread to other French cities.

A massive identity crisis, prompting an assertion of neighborhood pride, not Islam, torched those cars. The young men I meet in the *banlieues* (or in similar neighborhoods of Amsterdam, or in Molenbeek in Brussels, or in East London or Bradford) feel like strangers in the land of their birth, but also in the land of their forebears. Scorned in Paris, they are viewed as tourists when they visit family in Algiers. As one told me, "When I go back to visit my grandparents, I want to come home after a few weeks. It's hot; there's no air conditioning. The people are wild."

In Paris, as in Brussels or Rotterdam, young people of immigrant background can't get past the night club door. Outcasts abroad, down and out at home, these adolescents and their younger brothers and sisters can lay claim to no defining national identity. That explains why the Islamist *umma* looks attractive to some. More strongly felt is the tie to *quartier* or *banlieue*.

In most French cities the slums are a world apart. The modernist housing experiments of the sixties have produced apartheid *du Corbusier*. Together with government monitoring and stiff hate crime punishments, that French apartheid helps explain why its Muslim slums are less Islamist than the British. Walled off by cavernous superhighways, the *quartiers* in a supreme irony have turned into homelands, the source of a sort of stunted nationalism aroused once in places like Belfast. Officials from two French intelligence services told me that at any moment an incident could spark more riots.

The dreams of the marchers notwithstanding, France, for all its beauty and *savoir vivre*, is not exempt from the laws of economics. Unwilling to compete with young compatriots of immigrant background, the French insider cannot escape competition from China, India, Vietnam, and Eastern Europe, where workers labor twice as long for a fraction of the wages. In the far-off future, if and when labor conditions themselves become globalized and standardized, there may be new promise of a shorter work week. But now that promise has become a snare, a delusion, and a relic. Willy-nilly France will stumble one day into a world in which recognition is secured by adaptation, steady work by lifetime learning.

Nonetheless, the polls are suggesting that next year's election will bring the ghosts to power. A Socialist government will then have to cope with the economy its supporters have stymied, further stultifying a labor market that deters investment and invites stagnation. Bewitched, accursed, frozen in time, France sleepwalks while trouble brews. Not the expected trouble—not the sibilant Salafists, not the jihadists cowering under the watchful, capable eye of French intelligence—but the fire next time. ♦

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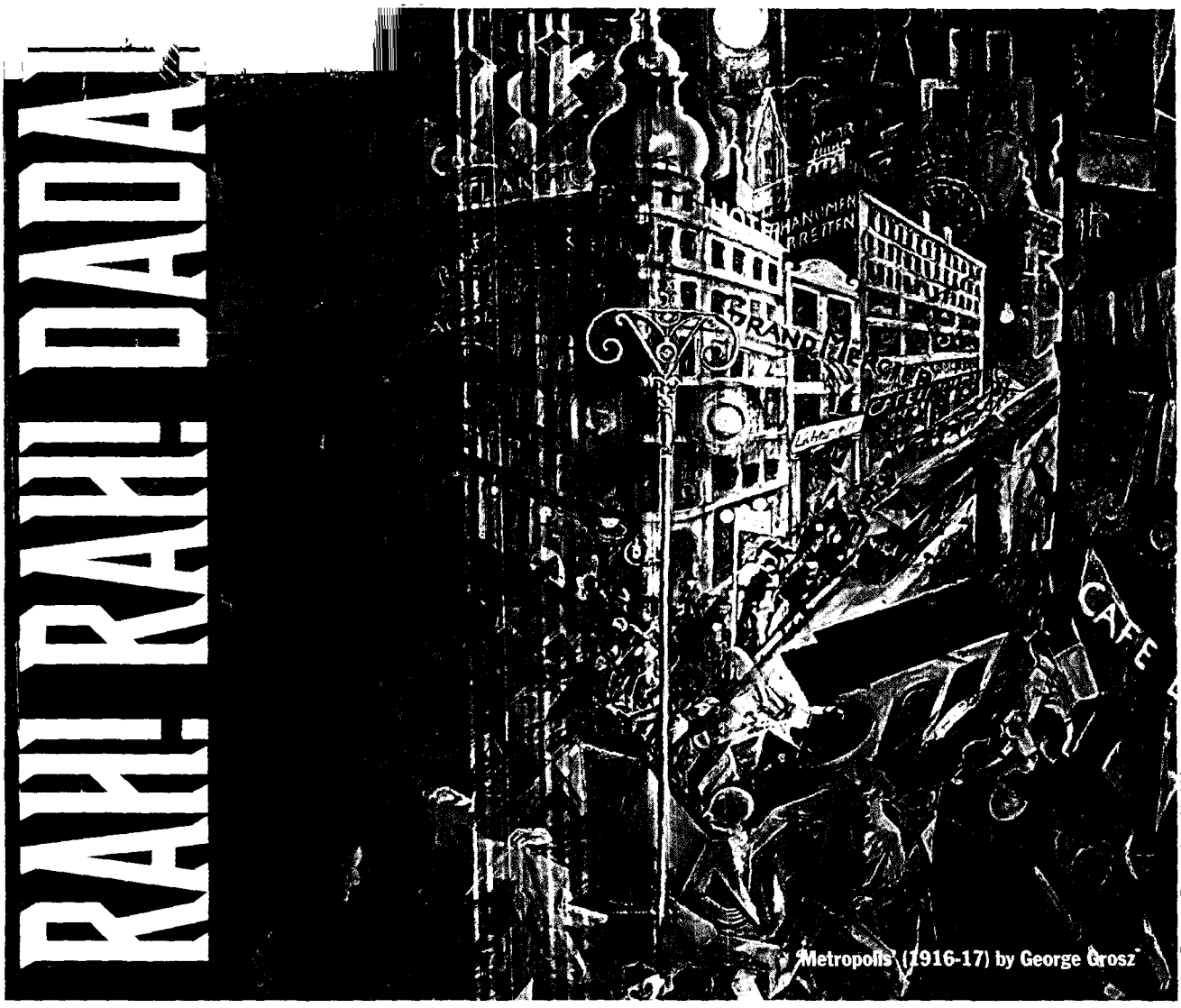
RAH RAH DADA!



Metropolis (1916-17) by George Grosz

Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza, Madrid

The subversive moment in modern art

BY MARTHA BAYLES

Greetings, this is your Dadioguide, speaking to you through the spongy thingamajigs on your headset. My job is to blow kudos and raspberries in the right amounts as you walk from room to room, mouth slightly agape, pressing Play, Pause, Stop, Fast Forward, and Rewind.

You will note that *Dada* begins with text and photographs telling you that World War I was no fun. Look at that looming tank, about to purée you into the mud of your trench. Look at all those amputees. Even the horses wore gas masks. The short film shows even more terrible images. But you are spared the most terrible: machine-gunned cavalry, for instance, or soldiers with their faces blown off. The official Audioguide doesn't want you to turn around and head for the Cézanne exhibition, and neither does your Dadioguide.

Dada is organized by city, not chronology. But the touchstone is always World War I. In the first section, Zürich, you will learn that Dada was an international movement of poets, painters, performers, and provocateurs who, seeing no honor or purpose in the carnage, decided that honor and purpose were kaput. Neutral Switzerland was a refuge for deserters and draft evaders from all over Europe, these artists among them. Actually, the prime mover of Zürich Dada, the German writer Hugo Ball, tried to enlist but was rejected on medical grounds. So eager was Ball to see action, he traveled to the Belgian front on his own, only to witness the harrowing effects of long-range artillery and poison gas.

"It is the total mass of machinery and the devil himself that have broken loose now," he wrote. "Ideals are only labels that have been stuck on. Everything has been shaken to its very foundations."

Now you are probably wondering: If Dada was a reaction to the horror of war, then why are these Zürich rooms filled with delicate cubist collages,

Dada
Curated by Leigh Dickerman
National Gallery of Art through May 14
Museum of Modern Art, June 18-Sept. 11

Martha Bayles, who teaches in the honors program at Boston College, posts a blog called Serious Popcorn *at* www.artsjournal.com.

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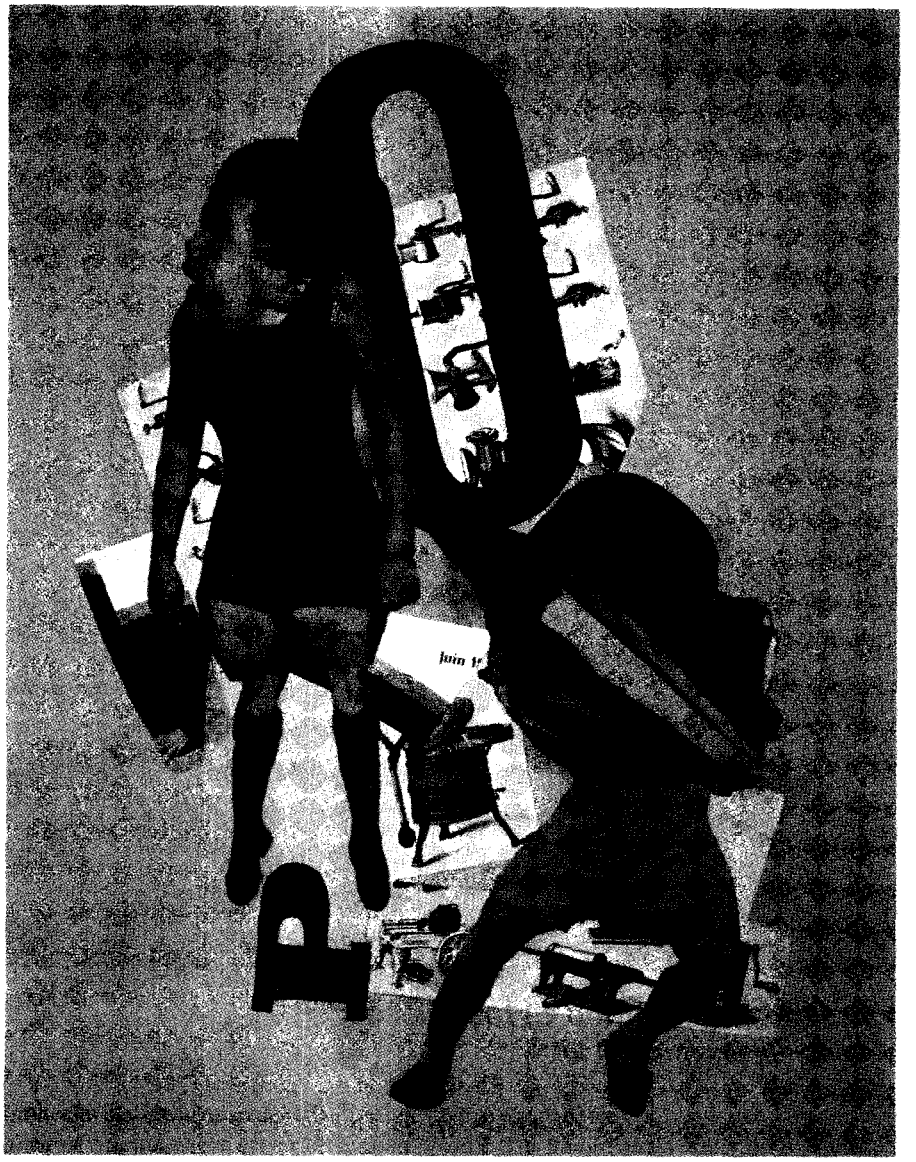

Private Collection

'Bourgeois Bridal Couple' (1919) by Hannah Höch

goofy masks, abstract needlepoints (great upholstery concepts!), colorful wooden reliefs, and whimsical marionettes? Ball summed up this side of Zürich Dada when he described the city as "a birdcage surrounded by roaring lions." The artists featured here—Sophie Taeuber, Hans Arp, Christian Schad—were quiet birds playing with media and with the boundary between fine and applied arts.

The noisier birds flocked to Cabaret Voltaire, a hole-in-the-wall venue that today would go by the dreary name, "alternative performance space." Started by Ball and his lover Emmy Hennings, the cabaret soon attracted three bumptious newcomers: two Romanians known by the pseudonyms Tristan Tzara and Marcel Janco, and one German, Richard Huelsenbeck, whose *poèmes nègres* consisted of really bad drumming and really loud gibberish. The National Gallery makes no attempt to recreate these legendary evenings, which is probably just as well, because if it did, the result would bear a discomfiting resemblance to a U Street poetry slam.

Like Dada in general, the show at Cabaret Voltaire was cobbled together from older avant-garde sources, such as *Ubu Roi*, the in-your-face play written by Alfred Jarry in 1896; and the *serate*, or "performance evenings," created by the Italian futurist Filippo Marinetti in 1909. Spectators at a *serate* could expect what one art historian calls "a systematic, thorough, and direct attack on their bourgeois mediocrity, *passéist* ideas and stupidity."

Of course, there's a big difference between Futurism and Dada. A master of agitprop, Marinetti wanted to "free this land [Italy] from the smelly gangrene of professors, archaeologists, *ciceroni* and antiquarians," and to "destroy the museums, libraries, academies." He also (here's the rub) wanted to "glorify war—the world's only hygiene." More than any other artist, Marinetti jump-started the 20th century. But because he was also a fascist who helped to jump-start Mussolini (until Il Duce rolled over him), he gets short shrift from art historians. Apart from a brief mention in the massive catalogue, Marinetti is absent from this exhibition. Yet his ghost hovers everywhere.

Climbing the stairs to the Berlin section, you will leave the birdcage for the lions' den. Although several Dadaists fought in the war, Berlin Dada was the first art movement in Europe to defy the jingoism of a host country. In 1916, when Germany was gripped by anti-British hatred, Helmut Herzfeld deliberately anglicized his name to "John Heartfield." Similarly, "George Grosz" was an anglicized, and slavicized, version of Georg Gross. And while still in Zürich, Huelsenbeck, Tzara, and Janco composed a "simultaneous poem" mixing German, English, and French in a babel Ball credited with expressing "the conflict of the *vox humana* with a world that threatens, ensnares, and destroys."

The core sensibility of Berlin Dada was rage and ridicule toward the war. Some works, such as Heartfield's and Rudolf Schlichter's *Prussian Archangel* (basically a stuffed infantry uniform with a pig's head) are jokes. But others pack an emotional wallop. For example, the paintings by Otto Dix, a combat veteran who won the Iron Cross, show the misery of *Kriegskrüppel* (war cripples) burdened by grotesque prostheses and the indifference of civilians.

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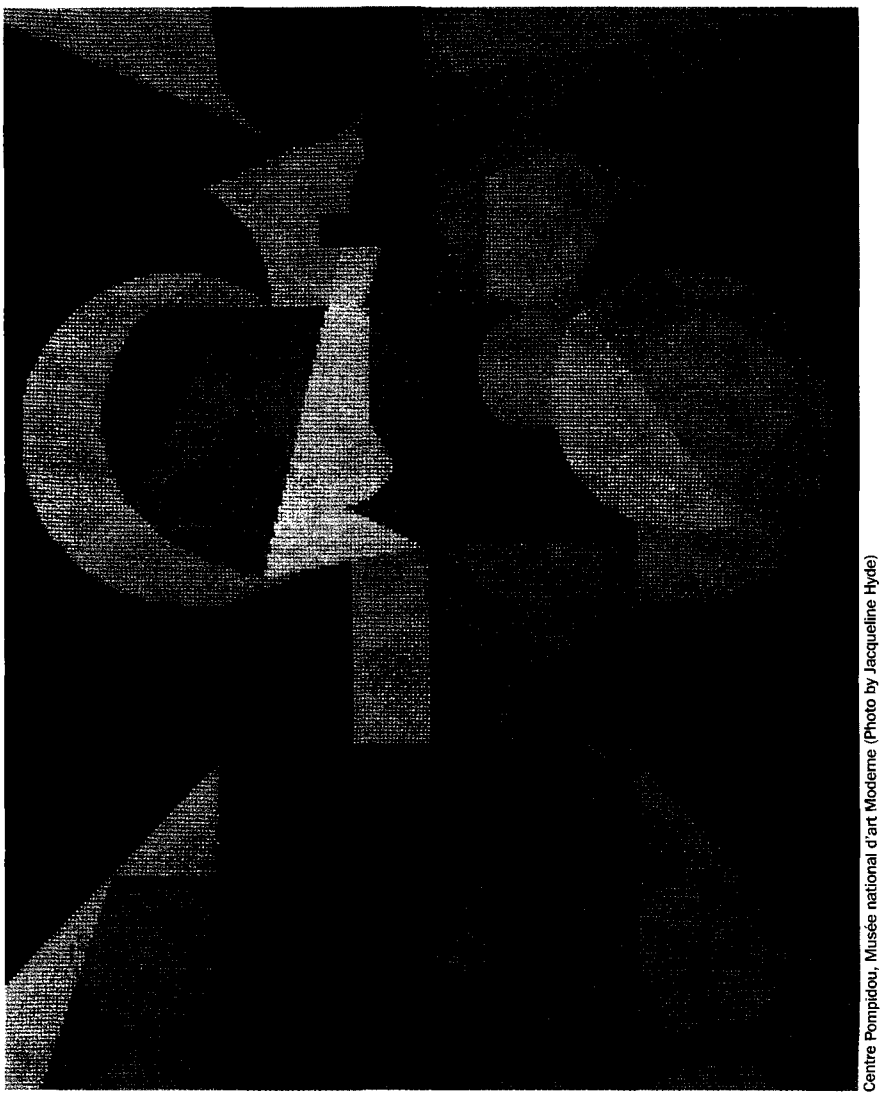
Most of Grosz's *Gott mit uns* (God With Us) portfolio was confiscated and destroyed, but a number of prints survived, including one of an army doctor pronouncing a rotting corpse "Fit for Active Service" and another of plutocrats feasting while soldiers die: "Blood is the Best Sauce."

When aimed at such targets, Dadaist rage and ridicule come off as heroic. But Dada's ambition went beyond opposing the war, just as Futurism's went beyond supporting it. Both movements wanted to create a cultural *tabula rasa* by breaking radically with the past. According to Janco, "We had lost confidence in our culture. Everything had to be demolished. We would begin again . . . by shocking the bourgeois, demolishing his idea of art, attacking common sense, public opinion, education, institutions, museums, good taste, in short, the whole prevailing order."

To this end, Berlin Dada pioneered a new medium, photo montage—a fancy word for cutting and pasting. For Grosz, this meant affixing illustrations of machinery to drawn and painted human figures, usually with malicious intent—as in the R-rated *Daum marries her pedantic automaton "George" in May 1920, John Heartfield is very glad of it.* (Titles too clever by half are *de rigueur* in Dada.) Photo montage was the perfect medium to express revulsion at the mechanization not just of war but also of life in general. It's hard, in our gadget-worshiping culture, to understand this revulsion. But ponder Raoul Hausman's *A Bourgeois Precision Brain Incites a World Movement*, or Hannah Höch's *Bourgeois Bridal Couple*, and you'll get the point: Cyborgs were not invented in 1960 (when the word was coined).

But fear not, fellow mechanized borzois. The next section, Hannover, is kinder to the way we live now. It is dominated by a single figure, the remarkable Kurt Schwitters. The next time you clean the receipts, invoices, bus transfers, ticket stubs, take-out menus, and flyers out of your glove compartment, ponder *Merz*, derived from *Kommerz* (commerce) and used by Schwitters to characterize a rich array of works, none dull and many beautiful, that are closer to cubist collage and constructivism than to Dada. Schwitters also wrote nonsense poetry—that's him declaiming the *Ursonate* (Primal Sonata) in the passageway overbuilt at crazy angles to recall the *Merzbauen* he constructed in his various houses. The catalogue helpfully explains that the *Ursonate* "opens a psychic space in which the Dionysian and Apollonian intertwine." Another way of putting it would be to say that old Kurt would have been one hell of a scat singer.



Centre Pompidou, Musée national d'art Moderne (Photo by Jacqueline Hyde)

Untitled, cotton needlepoint (1916-17) by Hans Arp and Sophie Taeuber

The Cologne section is also dominated by a single artist, the deeply peculiar Max Ernst. If you like Surrealism, you'll love Ernst. Your Dadio-guide's own view (not that you asked) is that a little Ernst goes a long way. According to the catalogue, Ernst's work "requires the viewer to create an ambiguous narrative around interconnected pictorial and linguistic signs, couching social critique in metaphorical terms." If this is the type of thing you enjoy in an art museum, then perhaps you would like to rent an additional CD in which I describe some of my weirder dreams.

In Cologne, the slogan "*Dada Siegt!*" (Dada Triumphs!) was meant ironically. But in 1922, when Ernst abandoned his wife and child to join the surrealists in Paris, the idea of radical artists winning political power did not seem outlandish. To be sure, the alliance between the Russian avant-garde and the Bolsheviks was not

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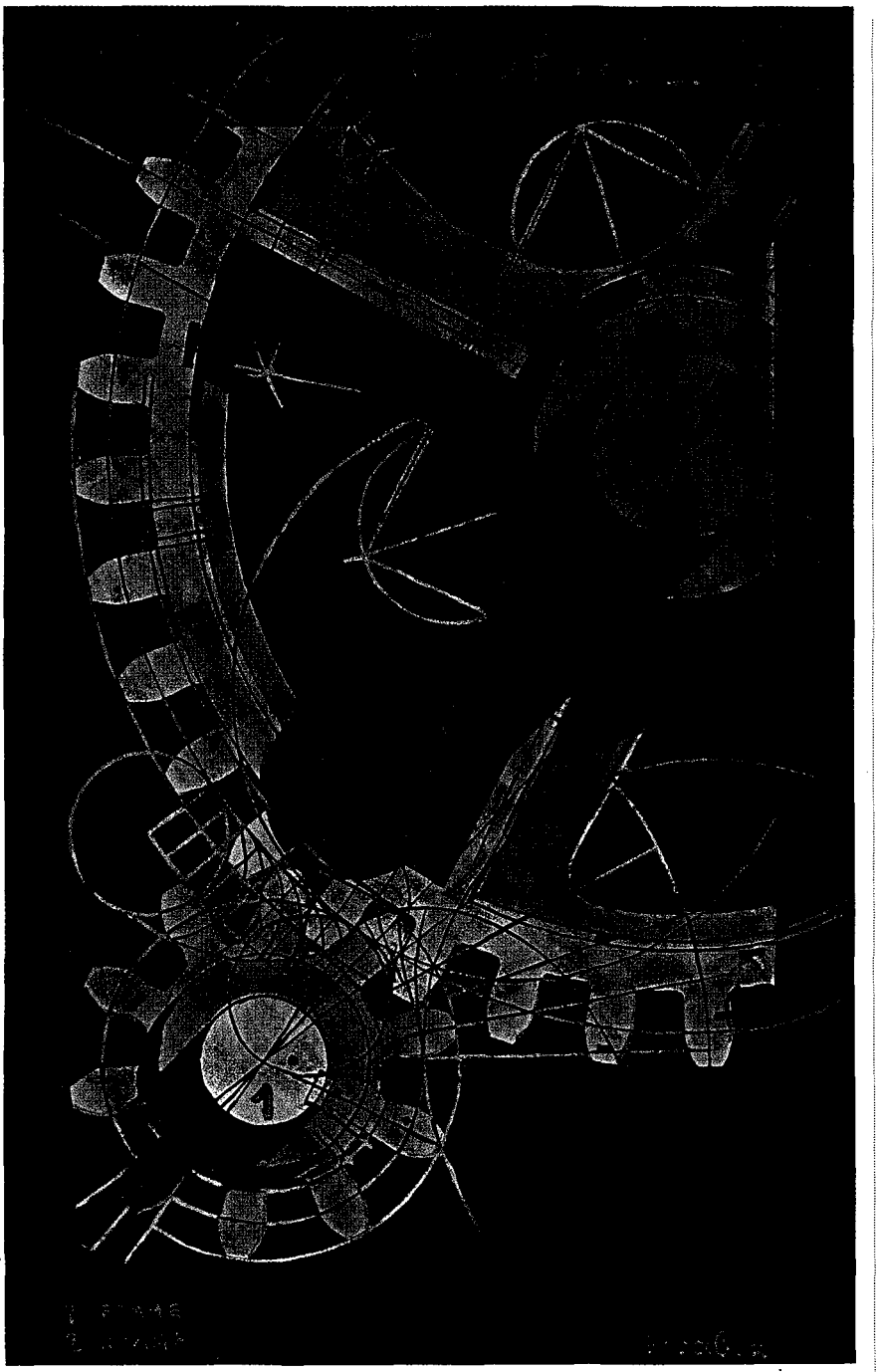

National Gallery of Art, Washington

'Machine Turn Quickly' (1916-18) by Francis Picabia

going well (the party was beginning to suspect that the proles did not dig Malevich's *Black Square*). In Western Europe, though, many cutting-edge artists still believed that the Communists were their friends. And in Rome, the futurists were happily running their Experimental Theater in a ruin beneath Mussolini's mansion.

To their credit, the hard-core Dadaists did not swap irony for ideology. By now you have noticed that Dada was predominantly German. Americans tend to forget this, because our favorite Dadaist is Marcel Duchamp, the long-nosed, seriocomic Frenchman who placed a urinal in a New York art exhibition in 1917, and two years later drew a moustache and goatee on a reproduction of the *Mona Lisa*. The first of these immortal works can be found in the New York section, the second in the (final) Paris section.

Tocqueville pointed out many years ago that Americans dislike high-toned aristocratic culture but also have an affinity for bombast. Both traits are on display here, as Duchamp's "irreverence" is presented to the great unwashed with the utmost reverence. Here is how the catalogue describes his most creative period:

> The ready-made—and the intellectual ideas behind them—seem to have been too advanced, too cerebral, and perhaps even too shocking for American modernists to respond to. As the ready-made proliferated around 1916-17, their presence in Duchamp's atelier created a disorienting environment of their own. . . . The Porte-chapeaux (Hat Rack) and a snow shovel (In Advance of the Broken Arm) were hung from the ceiling; Trébuchet (Trap)—a coat rack—was nailed to the floor . . . while the porcelain urinal, christened Fountain by Duchamp, was suspended from the lintel of an interior doorway. Friends of the artist who visited the studio were treated to a discombobulating installation, where the boundaries between the ready-made and the surrounding furniture and studio detritus were nonexistent, thus simultaneously challenging their physical surroundings as well as their preconceived notions about art.

Never mind the hat rack; what's astounding are the clichés. It's been 90 years since Duchamp pulled off his cute little prank of pointing to a rusty comb and saying, "This is art because I say so." Must we be lectured for the kerjillionth time that this was not an idea but an "intellectual idea"? That our own "notions about art" are "preconceived"? That the great Duchamp did not live in a third-floor walkup full of junk, but in an "atelier" graced by a "discombobulating installation" of "advanced," "cerebral," "perhaps even shocking" *objets d'art*?

That "perhaps even" is priceless, don't you think?

Take a deep breath. You are now in the presence of *Fountain*. While contemplating this masterpiece, please be informed that it is an "authorized replica," since Duchamp did not think to hold onto the "original" back in

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1917. In 1951 he realized his mistake and "commissioned" a replica, which now hangs (stands?) in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. In 1964, he realized the same mistake again, and "personally authenticated" (i.e., signed) another eight replicas. You will note that the meaning of "realize" changes slightly over the course of this paragraph. It is not known what the first replica fetched, but the Scottish art critic Julian Spalding reports that, in 1999, one of the later batch sold at auction for £993,789, and a couple of years later another was sold to the Tate Gallery for about £1 million.

If this information makes you feel less reverent, then good. You are ready to appreciate the legacy of Duchamp as embodied in a certain performance artist named Pierre Pinoncelli, who has been stalking *Fountain* rather the way the master stalked the *Mona Lisa*. To be sure, Duchamp never urinated on da Vinci's painting, while Pinoncelli did urinate on another replica of *Fountain* in 1993. (Yes, I know, it was a urinal to begin with.) Pinoncelli also hit that *Fountain* with a hammer, *un acte gratuit* that he . . . er, replicated this past January when *Dada* was on display at the Pompidou Center in Paris. According to the *New York Times*, "the porcelain urinal was slightly chipped in the attack and was withdrawn to be restored."

What is that cackling sound? Could it be the ghost of Marinetti, deriding the smelly gangrene of a 100-year-old PR stunt? Duchamp's anti-art tricks were already tired in the early 1960s, when one of Marinetti's countrymen, Piero Manzoni, filled 90 cans with his own feces and personally authenticated each can with a label saying *Artist's S—t*. According to Spaulding, "the Tate recently acquired no. 68 of this canned edition, for the sum of £22,300." One of the few sensible critics out there, Spalding adds, "None of those who collected Manzoni's tins has, as far as I know, tested the veracity of their contents, but then, who would want to?"

As you walk through these last two sections, keep an eye out for Francis Picabia, a true Dadaist but also a true artist. His intricate forays into mechanical drawing and parodies of commercial illustration are practically the only things worth looking at in these rooms. But that is the point: Picabia, not Duchamp, is typical of Dada. This exhibition is that rare phenomenon, a blockbuster that lays bare the intellectual and aesthetic bankruptcy of the contemporary art scene. The lesson is subtle but unmistakable: The majority of Dadaists were engaged in the old-fashioned business of creating objects, and most of the objects they created can, with some stretching, be called beautiful. Not only that, but when they got up to mischief, they did so with panache.

If they were alive today, they would not be endlessly recycling the same old Dada doodoo. They'd be doing for the art world what your Dadioguide is now doing for you: Pointing to the exit. ♦

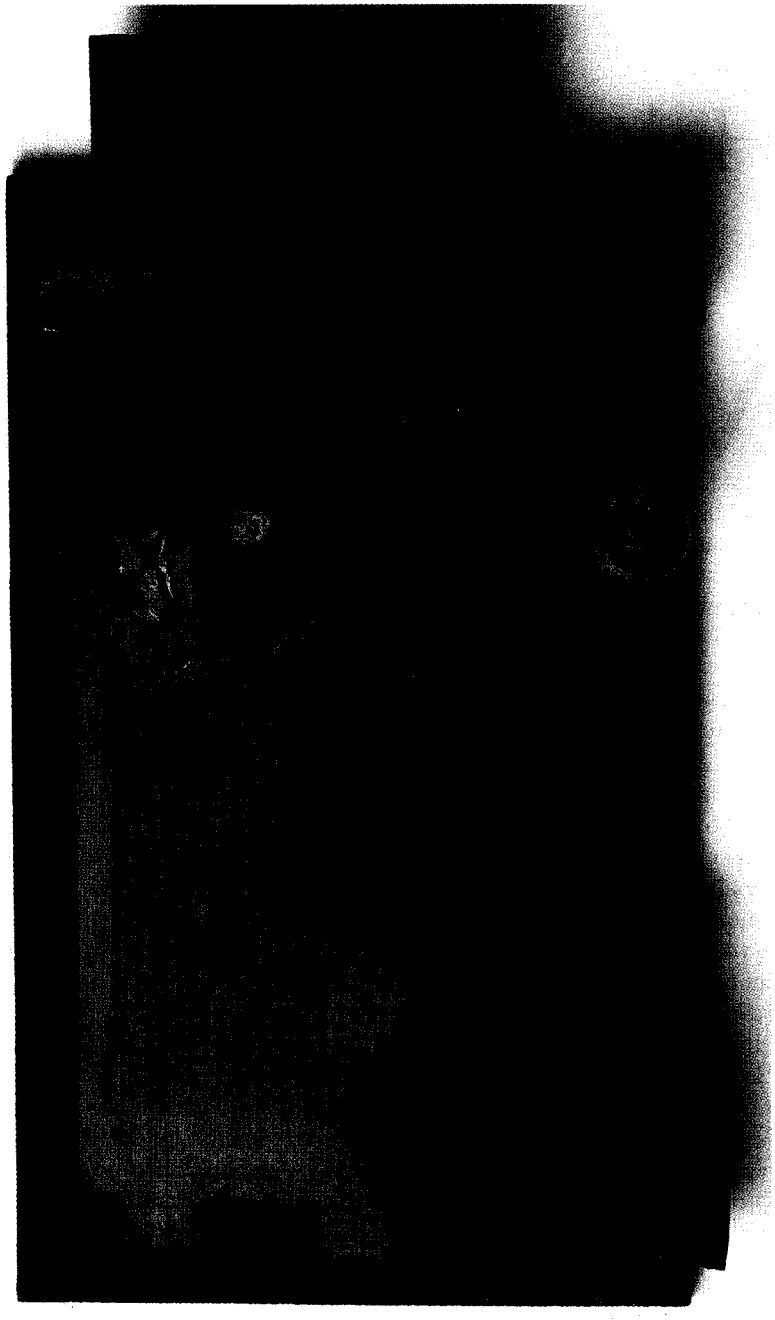

Bild-Kunst, Bonn (Photo by Graydon Wood)

Untitled (circa 1921), painted wood, wire mesh, board, and paper by Kurt Schwitters

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Helmsman from Hell

Mao Zedong was 'a genius at insurrection.'

BY MAX BOOT

Mao Zedong has been dead for 30 years, but he continues to cast a considerable shadow over the state he founded, the People's Republic of China. Both his preserved corpse and a giant portrait of him continue to occupy positions of honor in Tiananmen Square in the center of Beijing. That's no accident, since today's rulers still trace whatever legitimacy they possess back to the institutions created by the Great Helmsman. Hu Jintao is president, after all, not because he won the votes of most Chinese but because he won the votes of the most influential members of the Communist party's inner circle.

Mao
The Unknown Story
by Jung Chang
and Jon Halliday
Knopf, 814 pp., $35

In many ways, of course, particularly in the economic sphere, today's China bears scant resemblance to the one Mao left behind in 1976. But even as a pragmatic philosophy of "market-Leninism" has taken hold, there has never been a real repudiation of Mao. The official line has remained the one laid out in 1981 by Deng Xiaoping (who was raised to the heights of power by Mao, purged, and then rehabilitated)—that Mao was "70 percent right, 30 percent wrong."

Imagine the scandal if a postwar German leader had said that Hitler was "70 percent right." Or if a current leader of Cambodia said the same thing about Pol Pot. Yet, in spite of being responsible for more peacetime deaths (an estimated 70 million) than the other great monsters of the 20th century, Mao has, at least until recently, occupied a different place in Western opinion. Wearing a Mao button or T-shirt is still seen in some quarters as kitschy fun in a way that a tribute to Hitler or Stalin would not be. There's even a bestselling business book called *The Little Red Book of Selling*. Don't look for the *Mein Kampf of Investing* anytime soon.

Sure, there is growing recognition that Mao was responsible for widespread suffering and death. But somehow he is still given credit in the popular imagination for a host of virtues: for being a well-intentioned agrarian reformer, a staunch anti-Japanese fighter, a personally abstemious and incorruptible scholar-king, a progressive thinker intent on junking oppressive remnants of China's feudal past, and a pragmatic nationalist who raised his country to new heights of power and only turned to the Soviet Union after being spurned by the United States. Much of this impression was created by Communist propaganda, making use of Western dupes such as Edgar Snow, author of *Red Star Over China*, the 1937 book that first introduced Mao to much of the world.

Jung Chang and her British husband, Jon Halliday, have produced a blockbuster that seeks to demolish these myths once and for all. She has previously told her story in *Wild Swans: Three Daughters of China* (1991), an international bestseller that set her family's experiences against the tumultuous backdrop of 20th-century Chinese history. Having survived the lunacy of the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution (when she was briefly a Red Guard), Chang escaped to Britain in 1978 at age 26. *Mao: The Unknown Story* is her scathing indictment of the man who tormented her and countless other Chinese. While billed as a dispassionate work of history, it is really a heartfelt exposé and denunciation that has more in common with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago* (as Arthur Waldron has noted) than with Anne Applebaum's *Gulag: A History*.

The main themes are established at the start of the narrative. Mao was born in 1893 to a farm family in Hunan province, but, contrary to the claims of his acolytes, Chang and Halliday write, "Mao's peasant background did not imbue him with idealism about improving the lot of Chinese peasants." Instead, they write, in a statement echoed throughout the book, "Absolute selfishness and irresponsibility lay at the heart of Mao's outlook."

The key to Mao's worldview can be found, they argue, in a philosophy paper he wrote as a 24-year-old student in the winter of 1917-18. The young Mao wrote: "People like me only have a duty to ourselves; we have no duty to other people. . . . I am only concerned about developing myself." Combined with this extreme solipsism was a grandiose desire to transform his country. China, he wrote, "must be . . . destroyed and then re-formed . . . People like me long for its destruction, because when the old universe is destroyed, a new universe will be formed. Isn't that better!" The costs of this radical undertaking were waved away: "Long-lasting peace is unendurable to human beings, and tidal waves of disturbance have to be created in this state of peace." Even death was no big deal to Mao. (At least the deaths of others; he always took great care to prolong his own existence.) "Human beings are endowed with a sense of curiosity. Why should we treat death differently? Don't we want to experience strange things?"

Chang and Halliday nevertheless claim that Mao did not join the Com-

Max Boot is a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, a columnist for the Los Angeles Times, *and a contributing editor to* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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munist party in order to realize these fantasies but simply to get a good job that didn't involve any manual labor. In 1920 he was given a commission by one of the founders of the Chinese Communist party to run a Red bookshop in Changsha, the capital of Hunan. "Mao was no fervent believer," Chung and Halliday write; he became a Communist "not after an idealistic journey, or driven by passionate belief, but by being at the right place at the right time, and being given a job that was highly congenial to him." There is no doubt some truth in this, but it slights the importance of the very beliefs quoted a few pages earlier. If not perhaps an orthodox Marxist-Leninist—Mao never showed much interest in the classics of Communist literature—he was nevertheless driven, like many other tyrants and conquerors, by a sense of personal destiny and a desire to remake the world that went beyond, as Chang and Halliday sometimes suggest, simply seeking a life of ease. Otherwise he would have become a merchant or college professor, not a professional revolutionary.

Reuters Photo Archive

Whatever his motivation, Mao proved a genius at insurrection. Like other successful dictators, he made his first, and top, priority consolidating his authority within his own ranks by terrorizing real or imagined doubters and rivals. Mao's first large-scale purge, which occurred in Jiangxi province in the early 1930s, set the pattern. According to Jang and Halliday, over 10,000 Red soldiers alone were killed. Many were first subjected to gruesome tortures such as having a wire "run through the penis and hung on the ear of the victim," and then having the torturer pluck at the wire. Wives of Reds who fell into disfavor were not exempt from monstrous mistreatment: "Their bodies, particularly their vaginas, were burned with flaming wicks, and their breasts were cut with small knives."

Bloodthirsty in dealing with fellow Communists, Mao shrank from battling Japanese invaders. Though Chiang Kai-shek's numerous detractors have long excoriated him for not doing more to fight the Japanese, Mao did far less. The only time his troops engaged in combat with the Japanese, Chang and Halliday write, was when Red Army commanders disregarded his orders. Moreover, they claim that Mao actively collaborated with Japanese intelligence to undermine their mutual enemy, the Kuomintang. *Mao: The Unknown Story* shatters the lingering image of Mao as nationalist guerrilla fighter.

Another pillar of the Mao cult is reduced to dust when the authors show how dependent Mao was upon the Soviet Union from day one. Moscow's agents created the Chinese Communist Party, selected its leaders, and kept it going through massive infusions of weapons, cash, and advisers. The conventional wisdom among Western Sinologists that American intransigence drove Mao into Stalin's arms is revealed as a combination of wishful thinking and Communist disinformation. In fact, Chang and Halliday write, Mao did not even want his regime to be recognized at first by the "capitalist countries" because he feared that "recognition would facilitate subversive activities [by] the U.S.A. and Britain."

Yet another major element of Maoist mythology concerns the Long March, the 6,000-mile trek that Mao led in 1934-35 from southeast China, where the Red Army was in danger of annihilation, to establish secure enclaves in northwest China across the border from Soviet-controlled Mongolia. Chang and Halliday want to show that Mao was no hero. Rather than marching alongside his soldiers, they note, he was carried most of the way by porters in a bamboo litter covered with tarpaulin to keep out the sun and rain. Not content with such damning facts, the authors insist that the Long March succeeded only because Chiang wanted it to.

Why would the Nationalist leader

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allow his sworn enemies to escape? Chang and Halliday offer three explanations, none entirely convincing. First, Chiang wanted to let the Reds go in order to convince Stalin to let his son, a student in Russia, return to China. Second, Chiang wanted to drive the Reds out of "the rich heartland of China . . . into a more barren and sparsely populated corner, where he could box them in." Third, Chiang thought that independent warlords along Mao's route "would be so frightened of the Reds settling in their territory that they would allow Chiang's army in to drive the Reds out." To carry out this devious scheme, Chang and Halliday write, Chiang carefully limited his attacks on the retreating Communists, while always leaving an escape route open.

What Chang and Halliday themselves describe as an "unbelievably complex web of intrigue, deceit, bluff, and double-bluff" may indeed account for the Communists' survival. Or it may have something to do, as conventional accounts have it, with the fortitude and determination of the Red Army and the corruption, incompetence, and disunity of their enemies. Chang and Halliday do not offer any real proof of Chiang's supposed "Reds-for-son swap"—"It was not an offer that could be spelt out," they note—yet they admit of no rival interpretation.

This reveals some of the book's flaws: an unwillingness to weigh historical evidence, to qualify sweeping claims, or to account for the impact of chance and miscalculation in the shaping of events. *Mao: The Unknown Story* is, to put it mildly, rather conspiratorial. Most major developments are traced to secret plans, mainly Mao's. Undoubtedly, China in the 1930s and '40s was full of duplicity and shifting allegiances, but is it really credible to ascribe two major turning points—the 1937 Japanese attack on Shanghai, and the Red victory in the 1945-49 civil war—entirely to the machinations of secret agents without taking account of broader historical forces?

This is just what Chang and Halliday do. According to them, the Kuomintang general in charge of the Shanghai garrison in 1937, Zhang Zhizhong, was a Communist "supermole" who attacked Japanese forces to draw Japan into a wider war in China that would preclude a Japanese attack on his Soviet patrons. Later, they name two other senior Nationalist generals—Hu Tsung-nan and Wei Lihuang—as closet Communists who deliberately sacrificed their armies in 1947-48, making inevitable the Nationalists' defeat.

Mao: The Unknown Story is based on extensive research conducted over more than a decade, including hundreds of interviews with everyone from Mao's colleagues to former President Bush, the Dalai Lama, and actor Michael Caine (a Korean War veteran). While Chang interviewed Chinese participants and somehow gained access to official archives (she does not say which ones), Halliday unearthed a good deal of fresh material in Russia and the former Soviet bloc countries. Their apparent diligence makes it impossible to dismiss such startling claims, but it is hard to accept them on faith, either. Numerous Sinologists have complained that, in critical spots, their sourcing is either deficient, vague, or not available for verification by other scholars. Whether they have unearthed historical treasures not available to anyone else, or passed along rumors as fact, is impossible to say. Judgment will have to be reserved until other scholars can follow their footnote trail and look at the documents they cite and talk to the people they mention. That could take years. In the meantime we are left with a scathing portrait of Mao that is, for the most part, solidly rooted in the historical record as it already exists.

There can be no denying, for instance, the catastrophic impact of the Great Leap Forward (1958-1961), to which Chang and Halliday do full justice. Mao's aim was to turn China into an economic and military superpower. To achieve this goal he pulled vast numbers of peasants off their fields and into inefficient factories and collective farms. He also expropriated their food and exported a good deal of it to the Soviet Union in exchange for factories and weapons. There was not enough left for most Chinese to eat; urban housewives in 1960 got fewer calories a day than slave laborers at Auschwitz. Even as mass starvation broke out, Mao continued to give away vast amounts of food and money to bolster his influence among foreign Communist movements. According to *Mao: The Unknown Story*, China donated more of its gross domestic product in foreign aid (a whopping 6.92 percent in 1973) than any other country in history, with much of it going to countries such as East Germany that were considerably richer than China itself.

The Great Leap Forward killed an estimated 30-40 million people, making it the worst famine in history. (Chang and Halliday give a misleadingly precise figure of "close to 38 million people" based on dubious demographic data.) Mao was predictably unperturbed by all the suffering he had caused. "Deaths have benefits," he told senior cadres in 1958. "They can fertilize the ground."

This insouciant attitude was possible because Mao himself was shielded from any suffering. He lived the life of an emperor, protected by his own praetorian guard, residing in dozens of vast estates complete with swimming pools and nuclear-bomb shelters, enjoying books, operas, and other entertainments forbidden to anyone else, gorging himself on delicacies produced just for him, traveling in his own fleet of aircraft, trains, ships, and automobiles, his needs tended by a vast staff of retainers, including comely "singers and dancers, nurses and maids" who performed double duty as concubines.

The accumulation of such well-documented depravities, one after another, has a devastating effect. For all its flaws, *Mao: The Unknown Story* succeeds better than any other book in exposing Mao as the monster that he was. It is a blood-curdling indictment told in simple, spare language and easy-to-digest chapters that anyone can understand. If the CIA is interested in promoting democracy in China—and, if it isn't, it should be—it could do a lot worse than to smuggle millions of translated copies of *Mao: The Unknown Story* to the mainland, where it has been officially banned. ♦

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Protestant England

Henry pushed, and history shoved, toward Reformation. BY ANDREW PETTEGREE

To enter the debate on the English Reformation is an act of considerable courage. Certainly, no area of scholarship has been so hotly contested among British historians in the last two generations.

It was not always so. Until the latter part of the 20th century it was broadly assumed that, since England became a Protestant country, this must have reflected the natural inclination of its people. True, some differences emerged between those who saw a groundswell of popular support for Protestantism, and those who, like the great constitutional historian G.R. Elton, saw the Reformation as an act of state. But none denied that the remaking of England as a Protestant country had essentially been achieved by the time Elizabeth succeeded her Catholic half-sister Mary.

The King's Reformation
Henry VIII and the Remaking of the English Church
by G.W. Bernard
Yale, 672 pp., $40

All of this changed with a barrage of scholarship that challenged just about every part of this interpretative scheme. According to the revisionist school, so far from the accession of Elizabeth representing the final step, the task of creating English Protestantism had hardly begun. This was because, in the words of one leading revisionist, "English men and women did not want the Reformation, and most of them were slow to accept it when it came." This was partly because the English church before the Reformation offered a richly textured experience of religion that most people found wholly satisfying (the theme of Eamon Duffy's brilliant *The Stripping of the Altars*) and partly because so few leading figures in the English church actively embraced Protestantism. Even the destruction wrought on the Catholic Church by reformers was not, it is now suggested, part of an attempt to introduce continental Protestantism, but consonant with a Catholic reform agenda. What resulted was that unique creation, the Anglican *via media*.

Some parts of this reinterpretation have found more favor than others, but in general it is fair to say that the revisionist narrative is fast becoming the new orthodoxy. Yet problems remain. If the English church was so popular, how were people so easily persuaded to abandon much-loved beliefs? How were they induced to endorse patterns of living and worship utterly at variance with what they had known before? To this conundrum, George Bernard's new book offers a deceptively simple answer: The Henrician Reformation was a triumph of intended consequences. And its principal architect was the king himself. This was the *King's Reformation*.

According to Bernard, Henry was the driving force, the dominant mind behind the introduction of a reformed Catholic worship that drew both on his own deeply felt attachment to orthodox doctrine and an awareness of contemporary humanist reform programs. Far from being the instigators of change, Archbishop Thomas Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell, his first minister, were obedient instruments of his will. Henry designed the strategy for divorce, which, pursued through Parliament, also laid out in incremental stages plans for a church separated from Rome, obedient to the English crown, and leaner and more responsive to the needs of parish religion.

Along the way there were inevitable casualties. Those who opposed Henry are considered by Bernard in exhaustive detail, and much attention is given to English monasticism. Bernard sees the initial dissolution of the smaller religious houses as consistent with Henry's original vision of reformed Catholicism. Only when the monasteries were implicated in the Pilgrimage of Grace, the largest act of opposition to Henry's policies, did the king decide on their final destruction. This would result in the largest redistribution of landed wealth in English history. Yet at no time, in Bernard's view, did Henry deviate from the principles of what was essentially a Catholic reform.

This is bold and ingenious, and it is sustained in a robust and densely argued text that requires all of the book's 672 pages. Indeed, even this is somewhat deceptive, because Bernard devotes very little of this space to the last years of the reign, after Thomas Cromwell's fall in 1540. This is a crucial omission, since it is hard to see the coherence for which Bernard argues being sustained through the king's declining years, which paved the way for the much more explicitly Protestant rule of his son, the boy-king Edward VI.

But for the two decades preceding this, Bernard's mastery of the minutiae of government policy is quite astonishing. He seems to have read every document, and absorbed the nuance of every letter. He has also read and digested the work of every scholar active in the field, many of whom are taken to task for divergent interpretations of issues large and small. Bernard has a pugilist's zest for controversy, and few of the leading practitioners of Tudor history walk away unscathed.

Faced with the intricacies of these debates, the detached reader can sometimes feel like the embarrassed houseguest caught in the middle of a family quarrel. And though severe on others,

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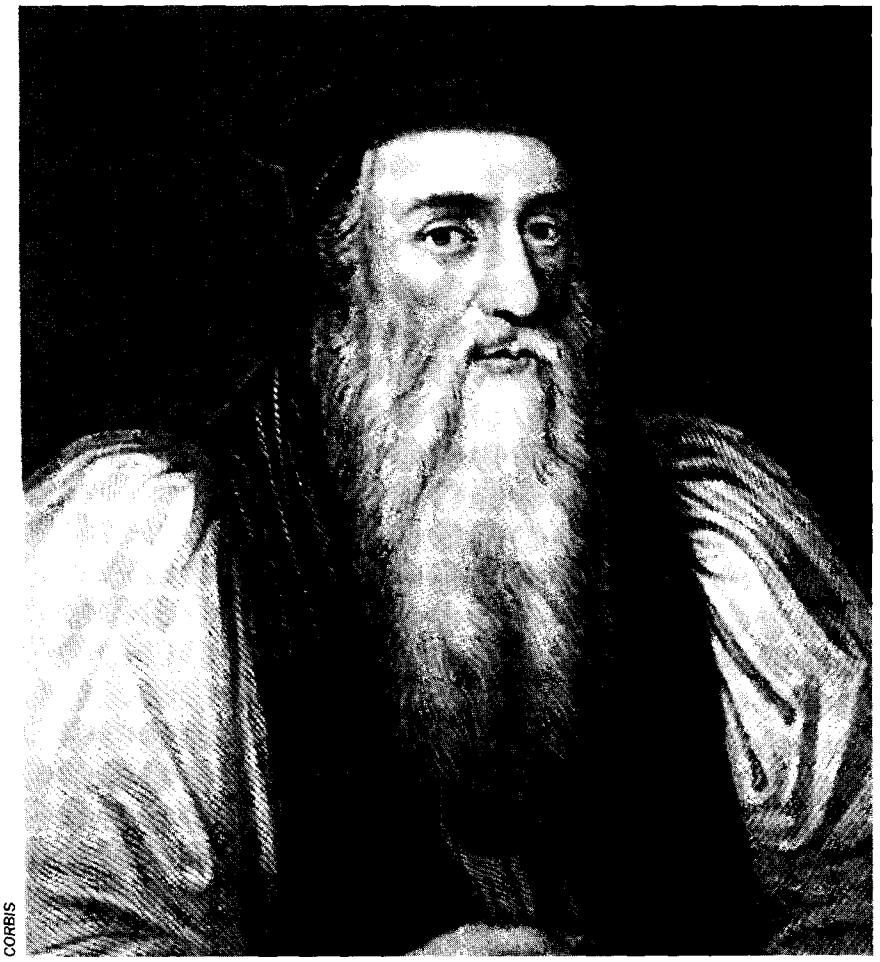

CORBIS

Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury

Bernard is not afraid to add a mischievous dash of speculation on his own account. He turns on its head the usual assumption that Anne Boleyn withheld her sexual favors until she had the king's commitment to marriage: According to Bernard, it was the king who delayed consummating the relationship. And he comes up with a remarkable theory to explain one of the most grisly episodes of the period, a statute hurried through parliament to prescribe death by boiling alive for attempted poisoning. The sole victim of this bizarre law was a hapless servant in the household of Henry's most obdurate opponent, Bishop John Fisher. Could it be, Bernard muses, that the law was a result of Henry's guilty conscience, an attempt to cover his tracks after a botched assassination plot?

All this is good fun, but the real question is whether this massive and learned book offers a coherent and convincing explanation of Henry's Reformation. For this reader, at least, the answer is no. It is possible to believe that Henry thought of himself as both a sincere Catholic and a talented theologian (but then so did Martin Luther). But looking back on two decades of turbulent change from the last years of Henry's reign, who could believe that what had been created was consonant with a vision of Catholic renewal? Shrines destroyed, the cult of saints abolished, pilgrimages discontinued, purgatory denied, not to mention the dissolution of the monasteries and the introduction of an English Bible. What Lutheran prince could have done more?

The destruction of traditional Catholic devotion makes a mockery of attempts to remake the twists and turns of English religious policy as a coherent act of policy. Nor can the savage brutality with which Henry defended his policy really be made part of an Erasmian agenda. If Henry admired Catholic humanism, the trail of corpses suggests he had not really got the hang of it.

Most of all, Henry created a legacy in which continued progress towards a Protestant state was virtually inevitable. The short reign of Edward VI witnessed the creation of an unambiguously Protestant church. And despite the restoration of Catholicism under Mary, it was the Edwardian, rather than the Henrician, heritage to which Elizabeth would be heir when she ascended the throne in 1558.

This, too, is controversial territory, for despite overwhelming evidence that England was fully anchored in a continental Protestant tradition by the end of Elizabeth's reign, revisionists have seized on the dying embers of an earlier tradition to cast this in doubt. This is the view of English Anglicanism as a *via media*, a middle way between Protestantism and the resurgent Catholicism of the Council of Trent.

The myth of the *via media* has been persistent, and does have respectable contemporary roots, not least in the deliberate obfuscations of Elizabeth herself. Elizabeth came to the throne at a moment of extreme peril. Her personal grip on power was uncertain, and Europe's Catholic powers were ready to take advantage of any sign of weakness. Elizabeth and her advisers wished to give no flagrant cause for offense, and this explains her shameless bamboozling of ambassadors with expressions of religious equivocation and praise, in particular, of the Lutheran Confession of Augsburg.

But nothing came of this, or indeed of any of the other occasions in this decade when the Confession of Augsburg was promoted as a potential ecumenical solution to religious discord. In fact, once secure on her throne, and freed from immediate anxieties of foreign intervention in English affairs, Elizabeth pursued an aggressively Protestant foreign policy: Sending troops to Scotland to assist the Protestant insurgency against Catholic rule, and even intervening in the French Wars of Religion on the side of the Huguenot rebels. It was only the disastrous outcome of this latter venture that forced Elizabeth's advisers to take stock and forswear perilous and expensive foreign ventures of this nature.

Yet the myth of the *via media* per-

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Getty Images

Dissolution of the monasteries, circa 1537

sists. This, I think, may be put down to two enduring features of the emerging English pattern of worship. One was the persistence of bishops and cathedrals; the other, the liturgy, one of the great glories of Anglican and Episcopalian worship through to the present day. These two features have encouraged commentators from the Anglo-American church tradition to place repeated emphasis on the distinctiveness of the English model of churchmanship. In recent times this has converged with the drive towards ecumenism, with the Anglican tradition seen as a natural partner in bridge-building between more austerely reformed churches and Catholicism.

There is always a danger in reading back modern hopes and expectations into an analysis of historical events, and our understanding of the 16th-century English church is certainly the poorer for it. For, in fact, there was nothing of the *via media* about the 16th-century English church—as European contemporaries understood only too well.

England certainly found distinctive solutions to the problems of church organization presented by the inheritance of a complex Catholic heritage; but so, too, did Scotland, the Netherlands, France, and the churches of Scandinavia. The much-vaunted uniformity of the Calvinist churches of continental Europe crumbles when these churches are examined with the care we devote to the English church. All had their distinctive peculiarities. The maintenance of bishops and a diocesan church structure was criticized by English admirers of the major continental reformers, but never by John Calvin and Heinrich Bullinger themselves: They understood that national Protestant churches would build a church organization consonant with the needs of the local church community.

To the statesmen and churchmen of 16th-century Europe, on both sides of the confessional divide, there would have been little doubt that Elizabeth's England was firmly anchored in the Protestant tradition. The guiding theological influence was the Genevan church leader, Calvin. In recent years, remarkable progress has been made by specialists in reconstructing book production and book ownership in the 16th century. From these bibliographies and library lists we can now demonstrate the extraordinary dominance of Calvin and his followers in the English church. There were more editions of Calvin's works published in English in the 16th century than in French, his native tongue. Young men at Oxford and Cambridge imbibed a steady diet of Calvinist theology.

Not all of the nuances of predestinarian theology filtered down to the parishes, but English men and women clearly identified with their own church enough to know that Catholicism was the religion of their enemies abroad. Gradually, the ritual year was remade to reflect this new communal allegiance. When bonfires were lit to celebrate the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and to commemorate the foiling of the Gunpowder Plot, these marked not only deliverance from national peril, but also the emergence of a communal Protestant identity.

Looking back over 400 years, we may regret the savage partisanship of those violent times. But it is hard to deny that, by destroying so much of what was cherished in the Catholic tradition, the Henrician Reformation laid the foundations for the emergence of Protestant England. George Bernard's work is an admirably painstaking reconstruction of the process by which Henry VIII imposed his sometimes baffling views of religion on the nation. But it is hard to agree that what emerged was what the king intended. ♦

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Half a Laugh

A mediocre comedy is saved by the war on terrorism.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Here are some things that aren't very funny, though they might have been once upon a time: Jokes about how dumb President Bush is, and parodies of television shows that are already parodies of themselves. The blithering-idiot Bush hit its high-water mark with Will Ferrell squinting into the camera and saying "strategery" on *Saturday Night Live* almost six years ago. And it's impossible to make clever fun of a program like *American Idol* when each season of the actual show features dozens of hilariously bad performers happily making fools of themselves for our viewing pleasure.

American Dreamz
Directed by Paul Weitz

To describe the scenes in the new satirical movie *American Dreamz*, in which a stupid president from Texas ends up as an *American Idol* judge, as "lame" would be an insult to injured horses everywhere. Those poor creatures aren't responsible for the injuries that cause their halting and tortured gait, whereas the dull, plodding, and painfully unfunny nature of the Bush and *Idol* scenes in *American Dreamz* are solely and exclusively the responsibility of the movie's writer-director, Paul Weitz, and Universal Pictures, which put up the cash for the film.

But wait. *American Dreamz* isn't a complete trip to the glue factory because, intermittently, the lame horse finds itself standing strong on one powerful leg. Weitz has come up with one genuinely clever notion: That in an effort to recruit a diverse crew of contestants, the *American Idol* knockoff here decides it needs an Arab. The show goes looking for a flamboyantly gay teenage Arab kid in Orange County named Iqbal who has a recording studio set up in his basement. But Iqbal is out at the mall when the show's producers arrive, and they end up choosing his cousin, Omer. What they don't know is that Omer is a sleeper al Qaeda agent.

A very deep sleeper, though, because he was sent to California by his terror masters after washing out during his basic training at an al Qaeda camp. Omer isn't really al Qaeda material because he likes to sit in his tent late at night and dance to Broadway show tunes, so he gets shipped off to America so the terrorists can be rid of him. With Omer, his relatives, and al Qaeda, Weitz hits a rich and heretofore untapped comic vein. We see a director in a burnoose and thick beard who keeps getting frustrated with his inability to get good footage for his terrorist training video.

"Come on!" he shouts when Omer fires a gun into the roof of a mud hut, raining debris all over the place. "Let's shoot this puppy!"

When Omer is told by members of his sleeper cell that he is to blow up the president live on television, they do so while sitting uncomfortably in his uncle's rococco hot tub. Omer says he doesn't want to do it.

"Omer," says the cell's leader, "they don't call me the Torturer because I *don't* like to torture people." But when Omer wows the audience with his rendition of "My Way," the cell leader leans over to one of his crew and murmurs, "A very bold song choice." Meanwhile, back in the training camp, al Qaeda terrorists are watching Omer and calling in to vote for him. "Rewind the TiVo!" a bin Laden lookalike commands.

This is funny for the same reason the president jokes are not—because it's new and fresh and even a bit shocking. Part of the thrill of good satire is the shock of seeing something done that really shouldn't be done, like turning al Qaeda into a subject of ridicule and sport. But if Ernst Lubitsch could do it with Nazis in the middle of World War II with *To Be or Not to Be*—a movie that features a popinjay colonel who proudly calls himself "Concentration Camp" Erhard—then surely we can tolerate some of the same during the war on terror.

The comedy here arises from the difficulty that comes with trying to untangle the ironies that attend the very real threat posed by Islamofascism: The use of the most up-to-date methods of the Information Age in pursuit of a return to 1683. Al Qaeda leader Abu Zubaydah reportedly told American interrogators that Bin Laden wanted to bring down "the bridge in the *Godzilla* movie," by which he meant the Brooklyn Bridge. This bizarre piece of intelligence information conjured up the image of Zubaydah and bin Laden sitting in a cave in Afghanistan watching a bootleg DVD of the dreadful 1998 Matthew Broderick movie on a late-model laptop.

That kind of incongruity is at the heart of all good comedy, which has the power to shock in part because it offers an unexpected perspective on things. That's also why Weitz and a stunning young sketch comic named Tony Yalda are able to put such a fresh spin on the wildly tired stereotype of the screaming show queen by making him a deracinated Iraqi mall rat. Too bad Weitz couldn't have done the same with his wildly tired Bush stereotype. If he had, *American Dreamz* would have been two-thirds of something terrific.

Weitz never had a chance at an unqualified success, because he made the mistake of choosing show business

John Podhoretz, a columnist for the New York Post, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic and author of the forthcoming* Can She Be Stopped?

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as a satirical target. He clearly thought he had hit the comic mother lode with his invention of a soul-singing Hasidic Jew named Sholem Glickstein who makes it to the *American Idol* finals along with Omer. But even as he was filming, a real-life Hasidic Jew named Matthew Miller—who calls himself Matisyahu—has become a top-selling reggae rapper, song-spieling in a Jamaican accent while wearing a four-fringed garment and sporting earlocks.

American show business is now officially beyond parody. ♦

Dame Muriel Spark, 1918-2006

The novelist of identity. BY KELLY JANE TORRANCE

Muriel Spark died April 13 in Tuscany, her home for the last 30 years. The Scottish novelist lived to the ripe old age of 88. But she had been thinking about death for years. It was the subject of one of her most accomplished novels, *Memento Mori* (1959). In this wildly funny black comedy, a group of elderly Londoners starts receiving anonymous phone calls with a very odd reproach: "Remember you must die." Each senior's reaction to the baffling calls—are they from some mysterious stranger, or from God Himself?—is different, revealing some fundamental aspect of character.

It was a strange book for a woman of 40, just three years into her career as a novelist, to write. But then just about every book Muriel Spark wrote was peculiar.

The world has lost a singular voice with the death of Dame Muriel. Her short, sharp novels are like those of no one else. Evelyn Waugh publicly praised her books, and Graham Greene's generosity allowed her to begin writing full-time. Her works have something of the biting wit of the former and the intellectual Catholicism of the latter; but in her ability to make the absurd seem everyday, and the darkest deeds deliciously droll, Spark was in a class of her own.

Both the woman and her talent are impossible to label. Was she a Jewish writer? She was born in Edinburgh in 1918, to a Jewish engineer and an English Anglican mother. Much of her work evidences an obsession with the Book of Job—particularly her first novel, *The Comforters*, which even gets its title from the Old Testament story. But her family wasn't particularly observant, and she converted to the Church of Rome in her thirties.

So was she a Catholic writer? Spark declared that her conversion gave her a voice and something "original to say." But she was always tight-lipped about the nature of her beliefs. Her books don't explore specific questions of faith the way, say, Greene's do. "I don't propagate the Catholic faith, but in a funny sort of way, my books couldn't be written by anyone except a Catholic," she told the *Telegraph* in 1997.

Many of her books are metafictional studies of what it means to be a writer. They changed notions of what the novel could be about. *The Comforters* tells the story of Caroline Rose, a recent convert to Catholicism who cannot get the sound of typing out of her head. She soon discovers that the noise is the work of a writer who has had the impertinence to make Caroline a character in her novel. Of the genesis of the story—which was based on her own hallucinations due to malnutrition and appetite-suppression pills—Spark explained, "Before writing a novel, I had to write a novel about what is a novel." The works that followed were often just as startlingly original. But unlike many postmodern writers, Spark knew her first task was to tell an entertaining story.

Her novels are autobiographical, but she guarded her privacy fiercely, moving to Italy for its seclusion. Her work is tight and controlled, with an uncanny grasp of character. But she seems to have been a bad judge of it in real life. She spent her marriage to Sydney Oswald Spark, undertaken at 19, miserably in Rhodesia. The man who gave her the name she made famous turned out to be mentally unbalanced. Some of the boyfriends that followed her divorce didn't prove much better.

It's no use trying to categorize her or her work. Indeed, one of the themes of Spark's *oeuvre* is how inadequately we know even ourselves, let alone others. Her most famous novel, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, shows the dangerous consequences of the schoolteacher's attempts to mold the identity of others.

Spark may turn out to be the 20th century's quintessential novelist. It was the century, after all, in which identity—whether racial, religious, political, or otherwise—was paramount, from Nazi Germany to Stalinist Russia, from affirmative action politics to the clash of civilizations. "How wonderful it feels to be an artist and a woman in the 20th century," rejoices Fleur Talbot in Spark's roman à clef, *Loitering with Intent*. And how wonderful for us that we had the artist and woman Muriel Spark explore the century's central preoccupation.

Even at her death, commentators still insist on slapping their own labels onto Spark. Reuters reported in an obituary that she "has lived with artist Penelope Jardine for 30 years." That's strictly true, but the insinuation that they were lovers is not. Spark laughed at the "impertinence" of journalists who implied the two had a romantic relationship. But two unmarried women sharing a home and a close friendship is a story more complicated to explain. Out of the ordinary entanglements such as that were just the stuff of Muriel Spark's life and work. ♦

Kelly Jane Torrance is fiction editor of Doublethink, *arts and culture editor of* Brainwash, *and books columnist for* The American Enterprise Online. *Her website on culture can be found at* www.kellyjanetorrance.com.

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Parody

Meadow Soprano: 9/11, 9/11. . . Bush is using it as an excuse to erode our constitutional protections, and you're falling for it!
Carmela Soprano (after a pause): I voted for him.
—From HBO's The Sopranos, *April 16, 2006*

DATE: April 17, 2006
TO: Karl Rove
FROM: Ken Mehlman

Recent polling shows the President losing support among Soccer Moms, NASCAR Dads, and independents, among others. However, there is a new, potentially powerful voting bloc from which the President still draws support: Mafia Moms. If Carmela Soprano's leanings are any indication, Madonn'! We need to make sure these ladies vote this November, along with their husbands and their husbands' associates.

Therefore, I humbly offer the following policy initiatives:

- When was the last time the President took a ride down the New Jersey Turnpike? I suggest he stop in Bayonne for some antipasto—or at the very least, a zeppole and a cup of coffee. And how about a fund-raiser with the local pipe-fitters' union or a photo-op on a garbage pickup route?

- The President needs to look strong. Is there any way he could call a meeting with the heads of North Korea and Iran? If so, he could excuse himself to use the restroom, then come out guns blazing and—bada-bing—meeting dismissed!

- You are currently Senior Counselor to the President. I suggest you change your title to consigliere. Instead of having an EPA director, how about Chief of Waste Management? It may be time to consider having the President refer to Dr. Rice as his goomah. Also, the President could refer to Secretary Rumsfeld as "Don Rumsfeld." Or better yet, just "The Don."

- Justices Alito and Scalia serve as role models in the Italian-American community. However, wouldn't it be even more impressive if they were both promoted to "captain"?

- The First Lady should host more Italian-themed nights at the White House and invite our Mafia Moms. I recently saw a commercial for a lovely Italian restaurant in which everyone was thoroughly enjoying themselves. (Apparently the secret is having free refills on salad and breadsticks, which is fine by me. We want these Moms to think that when they're here, they're family!)

Finally, remember to keep your friends close but your enemies closer. Hope you can make that fishing trip to Lake Tahoe this weekend.

Ciao,

Kenny "The Bull" Mehlman

P.S. What do you think of our new logo?

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In the new issue of the Hoover Digest . . .

Who Lost Latin America?

Our strange indifference to events south of the border

Since the election of Hugo Chavez as president of Venezuela in 1998, there has been a drastic erosion of U.S. influence south of the Rio Grande. The most recent manifestations are the election victories of the coca-chewing populist Evo Morales in Bolivia and of the socialist Michelle Bachelet in Chile. And the anti-U.S. Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador may very well be elected president of Mexico in July.

It's not as if the new populists in Latin America are trying to duck our attention. Recently Chavez declared, "I think Hitler would be like a suckling baby next to George W. Bush." If Chavez were a Muslim leader, this would be front-page news. But because he says it in Spanish, everyone yawns. Come on, folks. Chavez is sitting on top of 6.5 percent of the world's proven oil reserves.

—Niall Ferguson

A Star Is Born

Auf wiedersehen, Gerhard Schröder. Guten tag, Angela Merkel

Although the new German chancellor, Angela Merkel, has a lot of work to do to revive her country's economy, on foreign affairs she has already demonstrated a voice of moral seriousness and balanced judgment. Perhaps this has something to do with her coming of age in the police state of Erich Honeker's East Germany.

Consider, for example, Mrs. Merkel's response to Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad: "The absolutely unacceptable provocations of the Iranian president demand a reply from us. No one who has questioned the right of Israel to exist and disavowed the existence of the Holocaust can expect Germany to show the least tolerance in these questions. We [Germans] have learned from our history."

—Tod Lindberg

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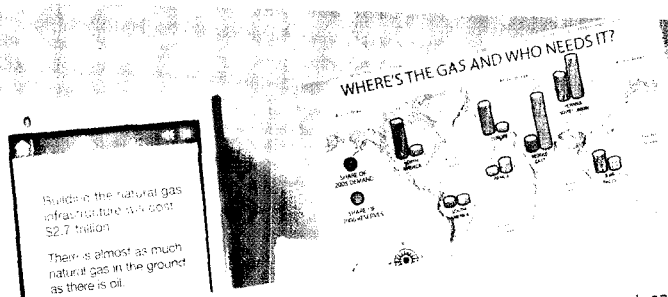
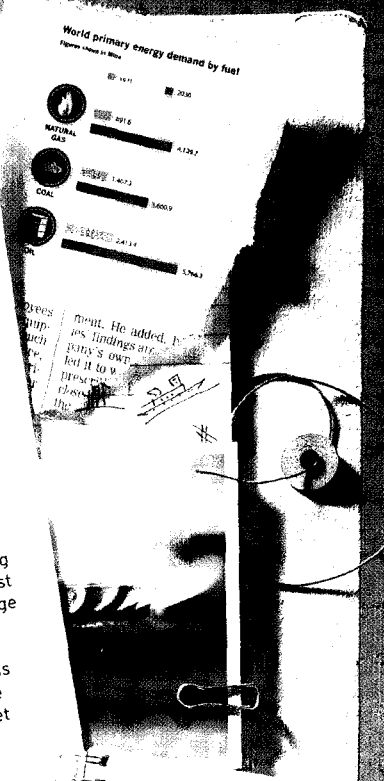


Building the natural gas infrastructure will cost $2.7 trillion.

There is almost as much natural gas in the ground as there is oil.



As demand for power and fuel grows steadily in the coming decades, we must consider every viable energy source at hand if we're to meet the world's needs. And because clean natural gas is found in abundance there is little doubt that it will play a major role on the world energy stage in this century, much like oil did in the last. But, like oil, gas reserves are concentrated in just a few places in the world, usually far from where they're needed most. And that's only part of the challenge. The world has had well over 100 years to search for oil and to build the necessary infrastructure to bring it to market; the natural gas infrastructure, particularly when it comes to liquefied natural gas (LNG), is not nearly as developed.

So what needs to be done? On the supply side, producing nations need policies that allow for efficient development of their natural gas in an open, stable business environment, not one in which the rules of the game change without warning. The governments of consuming nations, on the other hand, must enact long-term policies to encourage such development and to ensure they'll have adequate supplies in the future. That means building the related infrastructure, including LNG terminals. This, in turn, will require coastal communities to allow these necessary, but not necessarily pretty, facilities to be built in their backyards. And energy companies have a responsibility to be good neighbors in those communities by operating these facilities responsibly and safely. They must also continue to invest the billions of dollars needed to build the complex transport and storage infrastructure required to bring more gas to market.

Expanding and diversifying energy sources by using more natural gas could lead to lower fuel prices and to greater energy security. We've taken some of the steps to get started, but we need your help to get the rest of the way.

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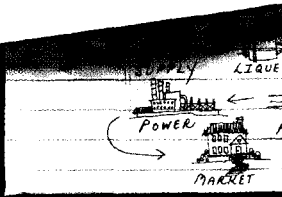

Chevron Steps Taken:

- Planning to invest more than $10 billion in developing gas projects over the next five years.
- Developing one of the largest integrated LNG projects in the world.
- Created a four country partnership to build West Africa's first regional gas pipeline.
- Spending more than $1 billion over the next several years on next generation, ultra clean diesel fuel from natural gas.

Chevron

Human energy

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